THE LIBRARY
ST. CHARLES SEMINARY
CARTHAGENA, OHIO

The Commonweal

October 29, 1948

TO SERVE IN TRUTH

David Ross King

FALL BOOKS

Christian Industrialism

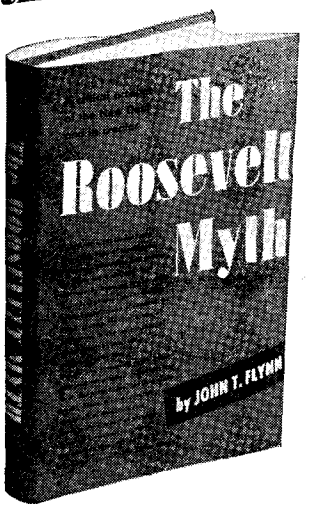
British Commonwealth and Europe

VOLUME XLIX 15c NUMBER 3

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Devin-Adair Books!

4th Big Printing



THE ROOSEVELT MYTH

By JOHN T. FLYNN

Author of "Country Squire in the White House"

You can read all of the hundred or more books about Roosevelt, but only in this one, the first, full-length critical study, will you learn what really happened during those four terms —— the bank crisis of 1933, the Communists entering the New Deal, Hillman and Hopkins, Yalta and Teheran, F.D.R.'s final illness and death. Here is a factual, dramatic, thoroughly documented, and fantastic side of the Roosevelt story . . . a side that JOHN CHAMBERLAIN says "will withstand the critical eye of history." 448 pages, bibliography, and a complete index to the New Deal. $3.50

THE MAN WHO INVENTED SIN

And Other Stories
By Sean O'Faolain

15 stories chosen by the author—one of Ireland's greatest living writers—at his best, stand as a "challenge to any living writer in the same medium." 8 woodcuts by Elizabeth Rivers. $2.75

NEW IRISH POETS

Edited by Devin A. Garrity

Selections from the work of 37 of Ireland's best contemporary poets, all but one of them new to America. 192 poems, photographs of the poets and 12 woodcuts by Dublin artist Harry Kernoff make this anthology an ideal gift. $3.50

LETTERS OF ERIC GILL

Edited by Walter Shewring

344 letters which reveal Gill's many-sided personality as only intimate correspondence can. 500 pp. Set in Gill's own Perpetua type. Illustrated. A beautiful book. $5.00

THE GREAT BOOKS:

A Christian Appraisal Edited with an Introduction by Harold C. Gardiner
Literary Editor of *AMERICA*

Vol. 1 of a series on the celebrated 100 "Great Books." Contains 15 brilliant essays by various authors on fifteen of the books. $2.00

Hundreds have joined

THE IRISH BOOK CLUB

If you have known for some time that the best English is written by Irish authors . . . if you are fed up with mediocre literature and want books of quality and permanence of value rather than simply the latest and most up-to-date, the Irish Book Club is the answer for you. Bi-monthly selections from the best by Irish authors, at substantial savings, dividends of Irish classics, other benefits. Begin enjoying membership at once. Send for full details.

At your bookstore, or direct from

The DEVIN-ADAIR CO., Publisher

Dept. NY., 23-25 E. 26 Street, New York 10

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The
COMMONWEAL

VOLUME XLIX October 29, 1948 NUMBER 3

THE WEEK 51
TO SERVE IN TRUTH *David Ross King* 53
LATE AFTERNOON (*Story*) *LeGarde S. Doughty* 56
LOVERS THAT LEAVE (*Verse*) *Henry Rago* 59
THE LABOR MOVEMENT *John C. Cort* 60
COMMUNICATIONS 62
Reform Begins at the Plant Level—Man Against the Skyline
THE STAGE *Kappo Phelan* 68
THE SCREEN *Philip T. Hartung* 70
BOOKS 72
Guard of Honor—A Treasury of Russian Spirituality—Edward Arlington Robinson—Catalina—Answer to Question 33—The Home Book of Proverbs, Maxims and Familiar Phrases

THE COMMONWEAL is indexed in the Reader's Guide, Catholic Periodical Index and Catholic Bookman Founded by the Calvert Associates, Inc., in 1924 with Michael Williams as President and Editor.

Published weekly and copyrighted 1948 in the U.S.A. by The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. MUrray Hill 3-9685. Entered as second class matter February 9, 1934, at the Post Office at New York N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. U. S. and Canada $7 a year. Foreign $8. Single copies 15c

EDWARD S. SKILLIN, *Editor*

PHILIP BURNHAM, *Executive Editor*

C. G. PAULDING, *Managing Editor*

EDWARD F. MEAGHER, *Assistant Editor*

Associate Editors:

John C. Cort, Anne Fremantle, Gregory Smith
Kappo Phelan, *Theater;* Philip T. Hartung, *Cinema*

Advertising Manager
John Brubaker

Traffic Fever

TRAFFIC is something like the temperature of a town. A clinical thermometer could be devised to register congestion and speed of movement, and so present to the public a clear symptom of the town's general health.

In New York City, as in every other municipality of the country, the traffic temperature is obviously way up in the red, far beyond any long tolerable normal. As the patient in the case, and ultimately as doctor too, the ordinary citizen has to do something or else suffer an increasing breakdown of his whole system. The fever's rising, and it's spreading.

Very appropriately, the American Society of Planning Officials met for their convention this year in New York at the very time when newspapers were full of the Greater City's effort to come to grips with its feverish congestion. But what can all the specialists do?

Mayor O'Dwyer pointed out the sad but inescapable fact that, "Unless an atom bomb wipes out our city, we must take what we have found and do what we can with it." This grass-root (or city pavement) realism was emphasized also by Mr. C. B. Bennett, from Los Angeles, at the other end of the continent. The "beautiful city" is an agreeable dream indisputably, but one must keep focused on the city people and their "basic needs." Mr. Bennett pointed to sewage facilities, garbage collection, fire and police protection, and drinkable water.

The immediacy of such vision cannot be dispensed with—and it may reduce planners' reputation for being dangerously radical and impractical. But you still can't cure typhoid fever with an ice pack on the brow.

In the traffic controversy going along parallel with this convention, the first tendency was to approach congestion as a police matter. That is certainly the paving-brick level, as if the subways and buses and streets could be blown clear by louder police whistles. At the next step the view of traffic lanes broadens and recommendations are made about parking rules, garages, off-street loading platforms, and, at widest focus, the whole network of streets and parking areas. But the traffic problem can never be solved on the streets, or in garages, or in the subway. This fact is stressed by Franklin M. Kreml, director of the Northwestern University Traffic Institute and director of the Traffic Division of the International Association of Chiefs of Police. His third point is this: that any long-range program demands the "determination of objectives in so far as they concern the economic and social development of the community."

It simply can't be avoided, if you ever want to catch your train. Only so many people can live and work and gather together in a given area without tying each other up in knots. Lewis Mumford was keeping just as close to the traffic problem as Mayor O'Dwyer and what we have got, and as Mr. Bennett and sewers and garbage, when he asked the planners at their convention, "How many hiding places have you given for lovers in your planning?" Already it is not altogether rare to hear a taxi driver or commuter talk as though he'd welcome that atomic bomb.

Big Business and Decentralization

THERE are two key aspects to the recurrent claims of a number of larger manufacturers to be healthful, decentralizing influences. The first is the extent of physical decentralization. How true is it that these industrial corporations have reached out to many towns and hamlets, patronized or set up subsidiary plants providing stable employment under the homiest conditions? How often a big corporation is present in a relatively isolated community because it has bought out and swallowed up the independent local operator! But the physically decentralized character of this system of manufacture is limited even more by

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the fact that companies seek to acquire or build plants as near as possible to their markets—that is, normally, near already large manufacturing and population centers.

But even where it can clearly be seen in certain cases that a company actually does spread out production (and wealth and population) physically, how much does it all mean as long as major decisions emanate solely from central company headquarters? There is some argument whether the supposedly hyper-efficiencies of centralized direction can compensate for the wastes involved in national advertising and selling operations and in the terrific overhead involved in administration. But what is incontrovertible is that integration of this sort militates directly against a wide sharing of initiative and responsibility. Not only are mistakes of the top men that much more costly, but the vast majority of workers become hardly more than automatons carrying out decisions made for them from beyond impenetrable main-office partitions.

Many of these elements are well illustrated in the feature story on Electric Auto-Lite of Toledo, and a score of other centers, in the current *Business Week*. This maker and distributor of over four hundred different motor products developed principally from a merger fourteen yeas ago of its generator-making facilities with those of a maker of dashboard instruments and thermometric radiator caps. The early history of both constituent companies was one of taking over one independent plant after another and then acquiring, year by year, a good part of the instrument business from all the large auto makers outside of General Motors.

Auto-Lite's conscious policy of decentralization is explicitly aimed at proximity to local markets, not only auto plants which themselves are more and more regional but also population centers where there is a steady demand for replacement auto parts. On occasion Auto-Lite has acceded to financial and other inducements of local chambers of commerce somewhat off the beaten path, such as at Hazleton, Pa., where, incidentally, the first winter's snow has just fallen. So at times their sizable operations do keep or attract people at some distance from the largest industrial centers. The main thing is that the garrisons of even the outposts of this and other vast industrial empires have responsibility only to the central command.

A Regular Royal Republic?

THE Commonwealth Conference in London was important enough to bring Sir Stafford Cripps hurrying back from America. Yet, basically, the Conference can do little but register situations already generally accepted, and ratify the *status quo*. Ireland and India are determined to declare themselves republics, and the King of England, shorn of his great-grandmother's fairest jewels, must, like someone else before him, declare "there go the people—I am their leader —I must run after them."

The basic problem was foreseen and indicated, if not implied, by Mr. Churchill in his great "fight-on-the-beaches" speech. England had to keep herself and to keep the pass too, until she could coax or cajole, chivvy or cold-shiver America into joining her at Thermopylæ. Then, having shared the burden, the fight *might* (and did!) pass to other fronts.

It has been said of England that now stretched out before her lies a choice of four roads, at whose branching she stands. Or Western Union, or Commonwealth Conformity, or Communism, or integration into American economy, are supposed to be her alternatives. Actually she retains little freedom in her current dilemma. She can only join Western Europe if she either brings with her the Commonwealth, or cuts it off with a shilling. If India and Ireland are gone, perhaps those members who remain will opt for one of these possibilities. For the British Commonwealth is no longer an economically viable world unit, if it ever was, and the disastrous historical failure of Imperial preference makes that a moot point even for the past. Communist not even her Trade Unions will make her. But American she already is, to a greater extent than anyone, except perhaps the prophetic Mr. Churchill, ever realized she might be.

But, if India and Ireland are quitting the Commonwealth politically, they are not thereby getting out from under the Marshall Plan. On the contrary, they both hope, by thus avoiding the obligations of common defense, to get a jump ahead, not only of the other colonies, but of the mother country, and to come in on the American bandwagon uncluttered by the ghosts of the Ottawa agreements or by strategical considerations. They are out to obtain the possibility of trading, within their limited means, on their own terms with the "hard"-currency countries, without stewing in their own geographic implications. Ireland is presumably serenely sure she will be defended by the power that already bastions Western Europe; India, possibly, thinks she can defend herself, once she is free to buy the latest in defensive weapons. What will be the status of the two millions of Irish employed in England, or of the many more than two million pounds of British capital invested in India, are just two of the problems of adjustment to be faced by the Commonwealth Conference. (In parentheses, in view of Mr. Churchill's almost uncanny vision, this seems a strange moment for the Conservative Party to be discussing the dropping of their pilot.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To Serve In Truth

*David Ross King**

ANDRE GIDE once said that Catholics dislike truth. Such another reckless moment as the one in which he wrote, "The admiration of mountains is an invention of Protestantism," may have permitted the remark. But a Catholic, instinctively defensive, remembers Gide's great intellect, Gide the formidable observer: he fears to find, in the gross dough of exaggeration, the busy leaven of fact.

I am not concerned to refute Gide's allegation, but to inquire of his evidence and to draw further conclusions, particularly regarding the art of Catholics. For Gide is always the artist: he judges and misjudges as one.

Truth is the vital root of Christian thought as of Christianity itself. "The Word of God," we say. Can Catholics in any age, however debased and paganized, dislike—perhaps fear—truth?

We have been made "witnesses" of the truth, that is to say a dual rôle is ours: to hear and to proclaim. "To give scope to truthfulness . . . to follow the truth . . . justified and sanctified in truth." The Church, "the pillar and foundation upon which the truth rests," never shirks the duty to cast out of membership whoever formally, stubbornly forsakes even part of the heritage of truth.

Yet Christianity has its hard sayings. These human nature tends to soften. To fallen nature the revelation of Christ is, even now, a shattering shock: it demands so much. Preliminary to the building up of the new city of God, it demands a tearing down of old shelters fallen man erected against reality. There are Christians who, like an ostrich in the comfortable sands, turn away from the terrible actualities of Christianity and bury their heads in the dry, dark world. Tragically, pitiably they look neither God's gospel nor God's world full in the face. Their view of the universe and of religion partakes of children's make-believe.

Among these Christians are many who would rejoice in the full truth were it shown them. Others would constrain the Church to

> . . . remain below
> Wrapt in the old miasmal mist.

Her social doctrine is cause for alarm. Are not the world's goods for man's enjoyment, and is not the Church guardian rather of the things of the spirit? Is not worship a matter of prayers hastily whispered in a dark chamber, or as solitarily directed heavenward from the lonely heart while perforce hemmed in by strangers at Mass? The arts that adorn churches, surely they are the only ones that can bear a religious character, since one knows that the "holiness" of sacred art derives merely from its subject matter? About these, moreover, has not Mother Church grown crotchety in old age, multiplying rules? Such thoughts think the Catholics Gide has observed.

Ours is a problem of returning. Not a sterile return, either academic or archeologic, to the dear, dead, fossilized past; rather to conscious, dynamic reabsorption of full truth, to the complete gospel with all it implies. A return to "the universe of Christianity."

If there be doubt that change is needed, let the doubter contemplate the "works of art" produced by Catholics and admired by large numbers of the faithful. By their fruits. . . . Here we do not confound art and morality to be guilty of the "confusion of aesthetic values and ethical values" that Jacques Maritain has justly called "one of the scourges of our time."

Consider first the devitalizing, astigmatic novels on Catholic best-seller lists. Contrast their success with the sale of "The Power and the Glory," "Therese," "Prince of Darkness." Note the bland acceptance of the horrors that simper from the altars haloed like God's saints; the characterless watercolors reproduced on "holy cards" by unnumbered thousands; the gelatinous verses in monthly magazines; the uninspired, unprincipled copying of old-style churches for new-style parish needs. *Et reliqua.* Evidence is abundant of "unrealness," ignorance of the whole truth, or flight from its terrible exactions.

Explaining in part the disposition of Catholics to be shocked at true things, and to kowtow before the corrupt, is a twofold lack of vision: vision of the universe as symbol and sign of its Maker, vision of the whole of human life spread glorious like a landscape under the revivifying light of Christ's revelation.

How is vision to be recaptured? Pius X told us. Pius XII has reiterated and amplified the message. How has his clarion call to the

* This article is taken from an address delivered at the Cardinal Stritch College, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

liturgical apostolate ("this holiest of causes," the Holy Father calls it) been greeted by many American Catholic papers? As a death blow to the liturgy! As though the sacramental system were expendable! And yet God's truth, communicated to mankind through His Church, has found its most fruitful expression in the Church's official public worship, is expressed and served and propagated by the liturgy as through no other medium.

The action of the liturgy is centrifugal and centripetal. It reaches out in every direction, penetrates the universe like the necessary air, conveying grace to men, blessing upon every creature, so that in God men may ever live and move and have their being. It gathers together, urges upward, all creation: the worshiping Christian makes articulate voiceless, praiseful nature, he assists all material reality, which has sprung from God in silence, to return to its Source with eloquent tongue.

★

Men are also able to express and serve truth, in a particular way, by their "making," their poetic activity which is a certain participation in the creative work of God.

To Cocteau Maritain wrote that we are apprentices of God the Creator. Eric Gill remarked that the word art is not a holy word in these days. To some, indeed, the coupling of worship and art in a single context would seem forced and unfitting. Art has come to be quite generally regarded as exclusively directed to arousing pleasure.

It is worth noting that for the same ages that view art as ordained primarily to man's nervous and emotional gratification, public worship has become a rendering of a debt, legalistic and coldly proper. Paradoxically the Catholic who participates in this fashion in the Church's official worship will make of his private devotions a kind of aesthetic: the measure of a popular devotion's excellence is taken to be the thrill it imparts. "Two hundred thrills," promise current advertisements for a spiritual book. Self-gratification, inordinate pandering to emotional delights: these are accepted widely as good form in popular devotions and popular religious art.

The farther we have drifted, these recent centuries, from the purity, the dedicated truth of the liturgy, the farther we have got from appreciation of purity and dedicated truth in the arts. Even Fra Angelico and Giotto, if received, are accepted because labeled Old Masters by the pundits; privately one chuckles about long necks and clubfeet. A photographic predisposition makes the Catholic gallery-goer look for a type of carnal exactitude in art which, driven to logical conclusions, would arrive at the doll as the apogee of artistic perfection: if she cries, has "skin like a real baby," and is called Betsy Wetsy, she is still more fully a work of art. To the painter who can make his still lifes give off the fragrance of flowers and fish will go the ultimate laurel.

If peripheral pieties have become the opium of many people, does that not help to explain why they are content to contemplate ungodly statues in its acrid fumes; to listen in thrall to the aphrodisiac strains of popular hymns; to nod blissfully over allegedly pious poems and Catholic novels?

Cleavage between truth and worship, between truth and the arts, these appeared in the same cataclysm and have deepened, mutually reacting, down to our times, until there are Catholics who do not sense anything wrong with this devotionalism or what is palmed off for sacred art. Secularism is indeed the present enemy! A French writer speaks of "the illusion of secular Catholics who claim to be liberal. Knowing neither theology nor exegesis, they make of adherence to Christianity a mere adherence to a coterie. They take what they want and leave the rest; they admit this or that dogma and reject another, and then later on they get angry when they are told they are not true Catholics." These are shocked at art conceived as a return of God's world to God; for it belongs to secularism to want to seize everything for itself.

The Catholic artist seeks to know theology and philosophy, the creation of God and the God of creation; he accepts it all with its owner's signature upon it. Intellectually he may be only partially equipped to be the author of Catholic works; at least, he is not falsely equipped.

I recall an evening when a great artist lay bare, like a surgeon, what he called Rouault's fatal limitation: "Rouault is a man of Montmartre: a little hill in the heart of a city; a hill crowned by the church of Sacre-Coeur, but surrounded by circuses and brothels—that is the Catholicism of Rouault." Indeed, there is the Catholicism of Rouault and the greatness of his art: the revelation of some, few central sacred truths in a limited number of subjects: clowns, prostitutes, judges, and those heart-breaking figures of our Lord. One would not charge an artist with limitations on account of his subject matter. The Catholicism, the universality, of Rouault's art is in its truthfulness: he effects, in almost every picture, an epiphany.

Nor is the problem altogether one of knowledge. The Catholic artist needs to be compassionate, in the root meaning of that word: to suffer the world with Christ, that he may participate effectively in its return to its Maker. The artist becomes, after the saints and in a different order, a "witness of Christ," that is to say a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"martyr" of truth. The deep reason for the infertility of modern civilization is a repudiation of compelling belief, as Wolf Mankowitz observed; "for although there may be mechanical participation in the rites of Christianity or a passive intellectual acceptance of its dogmas, there is no 'passional' participation." This "passional" participation in the mystery of creation precedes great art, as "passional" participation in the mysteries of the faith precedes great sanctity. The artist wants wisdom: to savor truth; lest knowledge remain cold and sterile. For wisdom conveys the light of truth to the heart, where it strikes as enkindling fire.

Gerontion, symbol of a sterile age, shows a certain perspicacity: he knows the crowds demand wonders, physical miracles, because they lack integral belief:

> "Signs are taken for wonders. "We would see a sign!"
> The word within a word, unable to speak a word,
> Swaddled in darkness.

Unable to discern the very Word, eloquent in the flesh, they cry for gaudy wonders; like Catholics blind to the saving mysteries of the sacramental system and demanding shallow devotions that soothingly promise sure-fire sensible results; like Catholics uneasy before the awesome or truly lyrical or the terrible in Christian art, crying for their dolls with real hair.

"The Word," we remember Saint Augustine's saying, "is in a way the art of God." Gill called the Incarnation "the greatest of all works of art," as a thing made, a work of art, "it has saving power, power to persuade, power to heal, power to rescue, power to redeem." This mystery, God in creation, is extended through the ages in the Church which is Christ. The liturgy is His voice, raised in unflagging worship of the Father; it is His redemptive work still being done; in it the Lord, raised up, still draws all things to Himself. Failure to see the significance of the Incarnation for the world; of the Church for mankind; of the liturgy for the mind and heart and emotions and work of man—here is cosmic tragedy. Man is orientated rightly only when his whole being and entire activity have been turned to the Orient that has visited us from on high. To effect this orientation is the work of the liturgy. In its spirit, moreover, the Catholic artist may become instrumental in effecting another incarnation of truth in matter, analogous to the Incarnation of the Word, in each art-object he makes.

This church art will be theological, expressing revealed truth, unable to be satisfied with natural beauty. That was the triumph of the twelfth century Byzantine mosaicists, of the carvers of Moissac, of him who made the Golden Virgin. One is not troubled by imperfections of execution in the Christian primitives: very many of their works have power to raise a man toward contemplation. By contrast, the later secularist geniuses, with all their perfected techniques and superior materials, do not usually carry us beyond the natural. The difference is between transporting us through material things to repose in God, and trapping us in matter wherein no man has the right to rest as in an end. A work of religious art is an open door through which truth passes to greet us and we return to adore its Author.

*

More subtle than the problem of the church-artist is that of the Catholic who would produce works truly artistic but not ex professo religious. What may he take as subjects? What about morality? Must his work be didactic? Can a child of the supernatural be an artist at all, since art has for its end "only the object it has chosen?"

To Maritain Cocteau wrote: "Art for art's sake, art for the people's sake are equally absurd. I propose Art for God." Maritain's reply is characteristically illuminating: "A motto that is paradoxical yet not chimerical, since the Middle Ages (in their own way, which can no longer be ours) were spontaneously faithful to it: the world, it is true, was then exorcised; the four elements were Christian." But he continues: "The artist has great trouble in making use, without hurting himself, of a creative virtue that is too hard for him as a man. But art itself goes spontaneously to God. To God not as man's end, not in the moral line. To God as the universal principle of all form and all clarity. From the moment it reaches in its own line a certain level of greatness and purity, art heralds without understanding them the invisible order and glory of which all beauty is but a sign; Chinese or Egyptian, it is already Christian, in hope and in symbol." Thus there is art that "snatches real pieces from heaven" and "from a greater or lesser distance prepares for grace (for the time when grace will want to make use of it) the most worthy instrument."

Hence the artist's struggle, the necessity to wrestle with his own angel, his Jacob's task. And always the hard life of artistic discipline is directed to an end that is not his end as a man. Art and prudence, *factibile* and *agibile*: to distinguish these, and in his life and activity to join them in a lasting wedlock—there is his business. His art operates only for the good of the thing done; whatever diverts it, he understands, also adulterates. But for the man-working, the artist as man, the work-to-be-done-of-itself comes into the province of prudence; it becomes, in the wider view, merely a means. The artist as man remembers an End beyond ends; because even while engaged upon the perfection of the object, his man's heart yearns for Beauty beyond beauty, sees

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

beauty in the light of that Beauty, loves a God infinitely more lovable than art.

The Catholic artist, then, is concerned to perfect his work: that is what the virtue of art is for. But his prudence operates for his own perfection: he has his soul to save, and he knows wherein beatitude will be attained. So far as art is in man and is made use of by his freedom, it subordinates itself to the end of man.

What marvelous freedom this doctrine gives the Catholic artist! The whole world becomes matter for the exercise of art, the world upon which God, Who alone is good, looked and "saw that it was good" with a reflection of His own goodness, wherein we too are invited to discover and contemplate Him and to love Him. The artist He invites, with an excess of love, to carry on His work there, to participate as an apprentice in His making. What the Church does with creation in worship, the artist does by the exercise of His art.

The really Catholic artist will endeavor to penetrate through appearances of things to the inner meaning, their significance in God's world; surface prettiness will not satisfy him, nor will it be his province; he will seek after truth and pursue it. Unlike the painters described by Father Douaire as adorning harlots with biblical robes and labeling them madonnas, he will not become enamored of high coloring and lush figures; like Rouault, if he makes use of such subjects, he will allow the corrupt spirit to be seen—he will help convict the world of sin.

So will he do in those artistic productions ordinarily classified as secular; really, for the Catholic, there can be no purely secular art, any more than there can be purely secular life. Let the Catholic setting out upon his way as an artist envision his rôle thus: to express truth, chiefly by indirection, in an idoim both his own and common.

Chiefly by indirection. The weakness and ineffectuality of very much so-called art by Catholics is attributable to the notion that it must be didactic. This is what Poe called, ironically, "the happy idea." Of course, Poe himself confused the inculcation of a moral with the manifestation of truth. Were every poem or novel or picture or building to point a moral, one would pity the harassed artist. Ananda Coomaraswamy spoke of art as "a rhetorical activity." Eric Gill called it "evangelical." Art proclaims the good news, indeed; but as the stars do.

James Joyce's theory of epiphanies is worthy of close study. He was fascinated by the moment that allows an entire life, a real round character, a large truth, suddenly to shine forth. The Catholic artist's task is so to manipulate matter as to effect such meaningful epiphanies, as has Sister Thomasita, to cite a most brilliant example from religious art, in her Fourth Station with its "emptied Virgin Mother." It is just here that the disciplined exercise of his virtue of art will save the object-made from being propaganda.

It should be a primary concern of the young artist to employ his own idiom. Perhaps it is a reaction against the rashness of certain avantgardists, to whom techniques mean everything, that subdues boldness in Catholics. Maritain rightly asserts that God "has a right over boldness; pusillanimity is everywhere the opposite of humility." In art, as in the supernatural order, the lukewarm nauseates.

Of course, the artist will learn what he can from the schools of history. He will come to know tradition so that he may build upon it, not to be buried alive in it. Like Stravinsky, accused of having no respect for the classics, he will say: "You are right. You respect them. I love them." If the artist's style is not his own, he has not gone long enough to the school of tradition. Yet his own idiom, with which the artist expresses his vision of truth, will be common, that is to say intelligible. For he does want to communicate his vision (while it remains ever true that his primary effort has been the perfection of the object itself).

How common the idiom has to be is a delicate and difficult question. The art school of Beuron, amid splendid labors to restore goods the romantic tradition cast away as outmoded, makes idiom so common as not to produce art. At another extreme, the impatient and irascible have skimmed over the pages of Joyce and damned them as unintelligible. To whom? Great art is rarely obvious; often it presents an aspect of obscurity: Cocteau says there are poems like crystals and others like agates. The cultivation of obscurity is one of the devouring diseases of contemporary art; naïve fear of it, a constitutional weakness of the Catholic masses. Perhaps we are too used to the convenient formulas of the handy catechism and the crystalline propositions of the scholastics: these have their subleties, but rarely those of expression. This latter subtlety man has a right to rejoice in, art a right to effect. Art brings joy to the intellect contemplating the thing made: sometimes the contemplation is long, the joy slow to come, but then it abides the longer.

Late Afternoon

LEGARDE S. DOUGHTY

PEOPLE said Ian Galt was peculiar. But he was not. They said it often though, leaning toward each other, whispering, as if they were very wise.

They said it one night at the auditorium, when Ian sat, first-row-balcony-close-up, contemplating the faces of the musicians, while everybody else

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was merely sitting and looking, twisting now and then, coughing needlessly loud, occasionally rattling a program. Ian sat propped on elbows, chin wedged into fists. He scarcely moved, except that his brows would often draw together and his eyes close at some nuance of sound; it was especially so during Tartini's *Andante for Strings,* which he had never heard before, and the second movement of Schubert's *Fifth Symphony.*

When the conductor would turn enough to expose his profile to the audience, Ian would not take the distorted features as the technique of a showman, as most of the audience would. Ian would understand that this was the face of music; he would shake his head so slightly no one could see, and would say inside himself to the conductor: "Yes, yes, I feel as you do."

After the concert Ian squirmed his way swiftly through the foyer and bent his head into the early spring rain, avoiding the persons who might recognize him and say some gay, uncomprehending word about the music, expecting him to have some tailor-made musical reply, which he would not have, looking into their unknowing smiles. But out on the glistening street he glanced up from the deep reflected lights into the face of Schweickert, the butcher. Amenity passed like a tingling electric current between them on that merest glance. As if the act had been rehearsed they turned toward the curb and stood by the mailbox to be out of the way of the people who were hurrying out into the rain in reluctant little groups.

Schweickert extended his umbrella over both, but Ian pushed it gently back. "No," he said, "this coat will keep me quite dry." He looped the button at his shoulder, and the rubbery black coat gleamed like broken coal.

Schweickert put up a pudgy finger. "My only rekr-r-ret vos . . ."

"Dere vos no Beethoven," Ian said, mocking the heavy accent Karl Schweickert had not pruned out in his nearly half a century away from Stuttgart.

Schweickert chuckled comfortably out of his big comfortable body. "Dat I alvays rekr-r-ret. But dis time I mean I rekr-r-ret dey did not turn de prokram around. Johann Strauss is no goot to follow on a prokram where Schubert has come before."

"I agree," Ian said, "but I go farther. Strauss may be all right on a phonograph but he's not good in a concert hall."

Schweickert nodded, but there was the faintest trace of reservation in his eyes.

They had a few more affinitive words, then said goodnight. Schweickert turned homeward, to his buxom Swedish wife and his four American daughters. Ian Galt turned toward loneliness along the street and around the corner and at the end of where he was going. He was thinking of Schweickert. Karl was perhaps sixty, a year or two older than himself, with a family intact—a healthy, good-natured wife and four healthy, good-natured daughters. The eldest was married to a doctor; the second, to a dentist; the third was a music teacher in a girls' school; the fourth, just twenty, was at college. All were musicians of a sort, but the music teacher played the cello beautifully. But all were girls. That is what Ian was thinking mostly. The family was intact. They were all at home, though but one, the teacher, actually was there under the paternal roof. Rift had not divided the family. War had not cut it short.

Ian wore no mourning band on his sleeve, nor any salt in his wounds. He nurtured his sorrows less, his gladness for the butcher more.

*

Ian had married in his twenty-sixth year, a beautiful woman called Gwen, who gave him a bright-haired son called Franz—after Liszt, by the way. Gwen, though, had not only a willowy blonde beauty; she had what sharp men call ambition. When she found after three years of watching, waiting, wishing, believing, that Ian could not quite—not *quite*—become a concert pianist she quit. There was genius in Ian's conception, but only great talent in his hands, and all the agony of will could not stir his hands beyond that.

Gwen left as one would leave a factual book.

Ian closed his jaws tightly like a vise, and taught piano at the university until ten years of pupils' thumping the inviolable keys drove him like a bullwhip across the green campus and into the neutral streets. And he lost himself in the anonymity of piano-tuning, plucking the strings gently so little girls' thumby fingers could mock the infinite potential.

Franz's biography was brief. He became an architect with a passion for spiry skylines. He was killed a private, in the first fighting in Africa, with a sickle of bright hair lying upon his brow. A grain of steel flew its three-second trajectory, no longer than the time it takes to strike a match, and in that fraction of a round little clock it plunged Ian Galt into bankruptcy more certainly than all the laminated days of ponderous years could have done. Bankruptcy. Ian was left with only himself, a scuffed satchel of tools, and a cottage overgrown with rose vines.

The anonymous streets were his comfort, especially the dark little crooked streets in the night, along the cottages where people were sleeping, and only here and there a warm saffron light glowed from a window snarled in foliage. Ian would walk an hour, two hours, sometimes longer. At ten o'clock, one o'clock, three o'clock, even

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sometimes late enough to meet the sunrise, he would stride slowly along sidewalks of concrete and of packed sand, dropping and lifting his cane lightly, breathing the liquid heaviness of honeysuckle that saturated the air. He would stop at the brow of the hill, look down the wide, straight boulevard, seeing the lights turn to Japanese lanterns far down in the valley of town; then he would walk back on some other street, and finally return home. The narrower the street, the knottier with cloistered little turns, the thicker shut with leaves, the more he sensed the tufted echoes of his mauve reflections.

Sometimes some small, casual thing would happen—perhaps a little whip of wind would curl over his shoulder, and he would draw deeply into his lungs the exotic scent of many flowers, a nameless scent, a delightful confusion of scents. Then he would feel a terrible desire to call out "hal-loo-o-o-o-o" in round baritone, rising on the last syllable, sustaining it long, then letting it fall away into silence. He would feel that the sound would radiate through infinite regions of space, and somehow a secret would be broken, a nucleus would be found, and he would follow the sound to the nucleus and forget his vagrant little self in the great nucleus. He would lift his cane, then gouge the earth with it, thinking of this patriarchal self. And he would know it was invisible and intangible and immortal and serene beyond the calmest thought. But soon he would shake his head and make a wry face, and a bony finger of light from a corner lamp would touch the grimness of his face through leaves. And Ian would suddenly feel the shame of folly in having thought again of calling out to nothing, thinking so to find this tranquil, inviolate, ultimate self. But surely in time the urge would come again, with surprise, and with sudden belief.

Ian seldom got angry enough to matter about anything, but now and then some foolish woman would ask him to play—would come upon him when he was finally drawing his shirtsleeves out of the cavern of her piano and urge him to play. Heat would strike his temples, but he would refuse with theatrical politeness. Sometimes some dowager would insist: "Come, now, Mr. Galt, just one Chopin nocturne. I have heard you did Chopin so very well." The "did" would be an innocent choice of tense, circumstantially a logical choice; but it would confront him like a malicious smirk. "No," he would say, his eyes squinting to hide themselves. "That was a quarter-century ago. I am a piano-tuner. I pick the keys and strike a few chords. You have heard me do that."

But for years Ian had had access to the auditorium, a key to the alley entrance. He would go in the early mornings and play gloriously and obliviously an hour. He hardly ever missed a day in all the years unless the weather was bitter cold. No one ever heard him, though; not if he knew it. There was one excepted, old Eben. Eben was a relic from the last century who hobbled about the auditorium trying his best to keep up the janitor job he had held for many years.

*

One day Ian was playing *Liebestraum*. He had just finished the first long, ebullient run when a shadow fell across the keys. He stopped playing, turned fiercely into Eben's solemn face.

"Capm, dey's glory in dem fingers, sho." He said it like a prayer, not seeing Ian's anger or anything else.

Ian regarded him from his crinkled white wool to his feet. His eyes stopped a moment on the shoe that bulged hideously and was always untied. He had underestimated the old Negro. Eben had two sensitive ears. Ian turned back to the keys and resumed playing. After that, Eben was not of the forbidden public.

It was a long time from that day till the day old Eben fell down the stairs to the basement. Ian heard him cry out, went to him and somehow dragged him up the steep flight. The old man's leg was foully broken. But the people who hired Eben were not very compassionate. They sent him to the hospital, gave him fifty dollars over the wages coming to him, and took the opportunity to hire a young janitor.

Capm, dey's glory in dem fingers, sho. Ian tried to make it so. He put his fingers into his bank account and hired the best surgeon in town to mend Eben's leg. The old Negro was in bed many weeks. And it cost Ian two hundred dollars, an approximate third of all he had.

One evening when Ian was opening the newspaper on his overgrown lawn, Eben came slowly up the gravel walk, but he was not hobbling. He looked at Ian with the mellowest face a man ever wore.

"Good! Good!" Ian said. "I'm glad to see you on your feet again."

Eben forewent all the cliché of gratitude. Half closing his eyes, he said: *"And on de morrow when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave em to de host, and said unto him, Take care uv him; and whatsoever thou spendest moh, when I come again, I will repay thee."*

Ian knew it had come from the Bible, and knew (somehow without knowing) it had come exact, on the furry comfort of old Eben's speech. He felt a tug at his heart, and made some sort of response to Eben, knowing it was inadequate. Then he pondered on the strange ways of men's minds, realizing that the first thought that had come to his mind after the sublime quotation was: Stravinsky is a riveter, e. e. cummings a midway freak, Picasso a fool.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Capm," Eben said, "de doctor took dat knot off de top muh foot when he fix up muh leg. I c'n walk widout misry now."

Before Eben left, Ian said to him: "We are brothers under the skin." He felt that it went some way toward balancing things against the quotation and was glad; and thought it made a felicitous end of things. But he was wrong about the end. It was only the beginning. Eben got a lawn mower, clippers, and shears, and entered the business of cutting lawns and hedges all over town. He came to Ian's cottage once a month to do a half day's work, and when that spring and most of the summer had passed Ian realized there was no way to pay him. Eben would not take a cent. Ian did not want all the service, and did not want anything for nothing. But there was no escape. Eben came as the calendar came. It would be forever.

But time! . . . In 1947 September was insufferably hot and witheringly dry. The first day of October it rained hard, a slanting downpour that lasted all day and made the streets look like old steel engravings. In the early night it stopped and Ian was glad. Recent nights he had succumbed to the heat, had sprawled in a canvas chair on the lawn with shirt collar open and wilted. But this night was as cool as a forest brook. Ian relished the sound of the water dripping from dark eaves into darker foliage; relished the cool sparkles of raindrops on the strips of lawn where the street lights reached; relished the feel of his cotton coat; relished the walk and the touch of the earth.

The walk was long and errant, down the long hill in a southeasterly direction where the city straggled out to a frayed edge. Ian smelled the images of poverty: Petunias bending awry out of lard buckets and damp green rot under leaning shacks.

He turned at the junk yard, paused a moment, gouging his cane into the gummy earth. He looked away into the seven stars of The Dipper. And he thought: Beethoven was deaf—*deaf!* He walked on then, striking the barbed-wire fence along the junk yard lightly with his cane, sending quick vibrations backward and forward along its taut length. He heard the silence of sleeping poverty and wondered why it was that any man who spoke against wretchedness and squalor was given an evil name. He thought how good it would be for a bath of creamy milk to flood down this street and over all the houses.

Ian turned into another street and began the long pull up the hill. He went through the little area called Pleasant View where mechanics lived, the trades-union people, in bright cottages. And there were cars in the drives; and the dogs that barked from the gates were spaniels and scotties. It was a little after midnight when Ian passed the convent. It was dark and silent and brooding, in an old bricky section where ivy grew on vines as big as rope. He gazed across the oaken ground to the chapel; saw the one living window, the wavering claret glow of the sanctuary light. *Sanctuary!* The word tingled through his veins.

At the round of the curb two blocks away they found him. His legs were in the gutter. One hand clutched his coat, the other was thrust above his head, the fingers wide and turned a little, as if about to strike a chord.

They buried him in the late afternoon. Schweickert and all his family were there; and five or six other people. They just stood there awkwardly in a thin circle. Eben was standing back of the circle, clawing an old felt hat crushed against his chest. And when the circle broke and its units hummed away in bright cars with a film of new dust on them, Eben came forward. The gravediggers began filling in the earth, their ageless black muscles knotting beneath sweaty undershirts.

"Drop it in easy, boys. Drop it in easy."

The four men stopped, letting their shovels sink into the heap of soft brown earth; they looked curiously at Eben; none knew him or had ever before seen him. But the clawed felt hat, the lowered head, the venerable face—these cast a spell.

"Drop it in easy boys," Eben repeated. And the men started shoveling in the earth again, slowly, abashed by this strange injunction. They took up light shovelfuls of earth, spilled it gently into the grave; handled the shovels like spoons.

Lovers That Leave

Lovers that leave take nothing in division:
No merchant's ledgering will calculate
A balance of this wealth; no lawyer's reason.
They leave as paupers all their joint estate.

Lovers that lived warm in a warmth all winter
Go cold into the cold with cold desire.
Gross and divided now, how shall they kindle
Their faggots from that chaste and simple fire?

They are returned to selves: wanting each other,
They are two wants; two sighs, although they burst.
Let them bruise mouth on mouth, cleaving together:
They cannot drink. They taste only their thirst.

Each will regained, they wander undirected;
Each with resistance proved now loiters where
No thought of rule and no defence constructed
A clear republic fortressed of bright air.

HENRY RAGO.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Labor Movement

Is a Christian Industrialism Possible?

A FEW COLUMNS back I went briefly into the question raised by Eric Gill in England and by the *Catholic Worker* group in this country, namely, "Can mass production be reconciled with the demands of human personality?" I charged them with taking it for granted that the answer was "no" without presenting any proof. In other words, they assumed that the factory system was guilty until proven innocent, a reversal of the usual, and I think Christian, concept of law.

This charge drew some comments, private and public. Among the public ones, that of COMMONWEAL colleague Philip Burnham seemed to be based on a disagreement about the meaning of the term "mass production." Building on his own meaning, he constructed several straw men—concentration of industrial power, big cities, the disintegration of social life, etc.—and blew them down with a few well-chosen complex clauses.

The word "mass" in the term "mass production" gives off an unpleasant odor to the Christian nose. It conjures up visions of all the nasty things that Phil Burnham was talking about. Mass production has been so abused by greedy, power-crazy monopolists that it has become almost inextricably linked with those things and worse. But that should not prevent us from looking upon it objectively and trying to disentangle it from its abuse.

I thought "mass production" meant that technique of producing things in large quantities, through the use of machinery, which has made it possible to distribute large quantities of this world's goods to a large number of people. Greed and profiteering have frequently gotten in the way of that distribution, but that is another story.

St. Thomas says that a decent minimum of this world's goods is necessary for the good life. Modern business authorities say that the centralization and overwhelming bigness of our giant corporations are not essential to efficiency. Quite the contrary. They say that smaller, decentralized units are often the most efficient. Therefore, neither big cities nor big business are essential to mass production.

In commenting on the comment of Robert Ludlow, associate editor of the *Catholic Worker,* I should like to be personal for a few words and emphasize that any criticism of the ideas promoted by Dorothy Day in that paper does not lessen my own great affection for and immeasurable debt to her, or the debt of all those who caught a little of the fire from the heroic activity of the CW movement back in the days when Catholic heroism was an even more rare and valuable commodity than it is now.

Ludlow says that the *Catholic Worker* does not approve a "wholesale condemnation of machinery as such." I remember once when Eric Gill himself wrote a letter to the *Catholic Worker.* It was a typewritten letter and in it Gill tried to justify the use of a typewriter. Rarely have I seen such unconvincing doubletalk. Gill was a genius and his *Autobiography* is one of the great Catholic documents of our time. But even a non-genius could see through his superficial and emotional generalizations about machine production.

All you had to do was to prattle something like this: "Okay, Mr. Gill. Industrialism as we know it stinks. Monopoly capitalism stinks. But how are you going to produce typewriters cheap enough so that men like yourself can buy them?" Gill never answered that question. It wasn't in his line. His line was sweeping condemnation, eloquent, bitter and usually wrapped in a hard core of truth and righteous indignation. But a constructive, carefully-thought-out blueprint of how typewriters could be produced cheaply and still not violate Christian values? That was much too difficult.

Gill should not have been expected to answer that question. But he should have been expected to have the intellectual honesty and humility to recognize that until he knew the answer to that question his sweeping dismissal of the factory system was so much nonsense.

If Brother Ludlow knows the answer to the question, if he can give us a few positive details on his "village economy which will utilize what can be used of industrialism without injury to the person of man," then let us have them by all means. That is what we want. That is what is necessary. The rest is words.

The second part of Ludlow's letter is the amazing part. He says, "The fundamental disagreement between the ACTU (Association of Catholic Trade Unionists) and the *Catholic Worker* lies not only in the extent with which we accept industrial methods, but also on the question of class collaboration. The Industry Council Plan, on a state (national?—JCC) or plant basis, which Mr. Cort advocates, assumes class collaboration. This we reject as an impossibility under the capitalist system and as a betrayal of the workers. We advocate the elimination of the capitalist class by non-violent direct action and the cessation of acquisitive class society. Our belief calls, therefore, for radical non-violent revolution—the procedure advocated by Mr. Cort calls for class collaboration and reformism. We believe the ACTU program to be unrealistic and lacking in vision; it is little more than New Dealism."

When I read this I could not believe that Dorothy Day accepted these ideas. I called her on the phone, and she told me that she did. She even maintained that the CW had always preached this gospel, which was startling news, because I spent two and a half years at 115 Mott Street myself and I don't remember either reading or writing anything like the above.

All right, then, let's accept it as CW doctrine and give it a close look. Let us suppose that Mr. Jones owns a small unionized factory. Jones is a good Christian and treats his workers with justice and with love. Bob Ludlow says that it would be "a betrayal of the workers" for the union leaders in that plant to sit down with Mr. Jones on a Labor-Management Committee, or a Joint Production Committee, and try to work out their common problems, including the problem of finding out "what can be used of industrialism without injury

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PAID POLITICAL ADVERTISEMENT

The ILGWU *in the* LABOR-LIBERAL FRONT

INDEPENDENT political action is not new in the ILGWU design for living. Since its earliest days, our union has fought side by side with all those elements in our national life which stood for genuine liberalism and for the economic betterment of the masses of our people.

Yet, while we have always believed in independent political action, our position invariably has been that only political efforts rooted within organized labor were entitled to our support. Time and again, we rejected as spurious political ventures which were not grounded in American realities and spurned premature third-party schemes which would retard rather than advance the cause of independent labor politics.

This year, together with nearly all organized labor, we are repudiating the Wallace third-party candidacy for the same basic reason: We are convinced that, despite efforts to parade the Wallace political outfit as a "peace movement" and as a "100 per cent American" party, the men behind the Wallace candidacy do not believe in the American way of life; that the Communists and fellow travelers who are keeping it alive are no more "men of peace" than are the men in the Kremlin who are directing worldwide Communist infiltration and divide-and-rule strategy.

UNION men and women have had a chance to observe the Republican-ruled 80th Congress in action. They watched that Congress defeat or pigeonhole every anti-inflation measure, every real effort in behalf of Federal public housing, price controls or rationing, expansion of Social Security, anything, in fact, the reactionary GOP bosses or the lobbies were opposed to.

Labor is also well aware that Candidate Dewey, like his party, looks upon the Wagner Act as "class legislation." Small wonder the Republicans describe the Taft-Hartley Act in their Philadelphia platform as one of the "solid achievements" of the 80th Congress. The Taft-Hartley Act, which supposedly "amends" the Wagner Act actually strikes at its very vitals.

IT IS no secret that the GOP top command has lost much of its early confidence of an easy triumph in November. The agony of high prices coupled with the rising swell of resentment against the do-nothing record of the 80th Congress have sloughed off considerably the Republican swagger. The Republicans, however, figure they have an unbeatable ace in the hole.

The Henry Wallace candidacy, they hope, will splinter off enough of the independent and liberal vote in some key urban areas to insure the election of Dewey and the re-election of a duplicate 80th Congress. It will also enable them, they believe, to defeat every important liberal Congressman as a result of this unwritten alliance with "Progressive" candidates.

THE LABOR-LIBERAL front will support Truman in this election because he is running on a platform which equals any labor program for social and economic progress.

Truman's fight, barring a few early missteps, has been against the sinister forces which seek to curb the legitimate activities of the trade unions.

Truman's forthright position on civil liberties, his fight for inflation controls and his unflagging opposition to the Taft-Hartley Act count heavily in his favor.

The labor-liberal front will give all-out support to every genuine liberal candidate in every available Congressional district. But it is not enough to say merely that we shall try to elect a better Congress. All-out support for President Truman is a potent factor in the drive to change the ugly complexion of the last Congress.

As in 1936, 1940 and 1944—it is our profound belief—the outcome of the current campaign will not be determined by GOP "sure-victory" ballyhoo, newspaper bias, or pollster predictions. As in those national elections, the voters will turn to the leaders they believe are on their side and not on the side of the profit mongers, the rent-gougers and the labor baiters.

INTERNATIONAL LADIES' GARMENT WORKERS' UNION

1948 CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE

David Dubinsky, Chairman

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the person of man."

Their only course apparently would be to take over the plant by "non-violent direct action" and dispossess the good Mr. Jones. I once asked Ludlow to be more explicit on how the workers were going to "eliminate the capitalist class" and he said simply, "general strike and take over." I did not think to inquire if he could imagine a "non-violent" general strike in this or any other industrial country. I think I was too stunned at the time, reflecting on the new dispensation at 115 Mott.

I did ask him, however, how he reconciled this view with the Popes' encyclicals, particularly the two labor encyclicals, Leo XIII's *Rerum Novarum* and Pius XI's *Quadragesimo Anno*. Give him credit. He was logical. He said that he did not accept those encyclicals. But Dorothy Day told me the other day that she did accept them. That makes one wonder if she has read them recently.

Pius XI said: "Those who declare that a contract of hiring and being hired is unjust of its own nature, and hence a partnership contract must take its place, are certainly in error and gravely misrepresent Our Predecessor, whose encyclical not only accepts working for wages or salaries, but deals at some length with its regulation in accordance with the rules of justice."

It is not necessary to quote the Popes. What becomes of the right of private property if we accept Ludlow's dogma? What becomes of the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal"? After all, Ludlow is not urging partnership with the employer. He is preaching a complete elimination of the employer and appropriation of his property. This is not new. It is anarcho-syndicalism, extreme Wobbly stuff with an agrarian twist. It has absolutely nothing to do with Christianity or with Catholic doctrine. If it has, please will some theologian set me straight in a hurry and I will apologize to Bob Ludlow and Dorothy Day at the first opportunity.

Pius XI went on to say after the above quote that "We consider it more advisable, however, in the present condition of human society that, so far as possible, the work-contract be somewhat modified by a partnership-contract, as is already being done in various ways and with no small advantage to workers and owners. Workers and other employees thus become sharers in ownership or management or participate in some fashion in the profits received."

In this same great encyclical, Pius XI urged the organization of industries and national economies in what has been called "vocational groups." He believed, and stated very strongly, that employers and workers should sit down together and work out, in the light of justice and charity, the solution to the problems of poverty and unemployment that beset our world. Experts have said that the Industry Council Plan is a good American adaptation of the Pope's proposals.

The ACTU has pushed this papal program from the beginning, and that can be proved by quotations. Not always as vigorously as it should have, perhaps, but it has pushed it. If that is "New Dealism," if that is to be "lacking in vision," if that is "class collaboration" and "betrayal of the workers," okay. We can take it. We (the ACTU) were born at 115 Mott Street and we know that there is another commandment about "honor thy father and thy mother." But if thy mother strays from the beaten path of common sense and sound doctrine, it is also a duty to pray for her return. I urge THE COMMONWEAL readers to do so. The *Catholic Worker* movement still retains too much heroism to allow it to go completely off the beam in the manner indicated by Bob Ludlow's letter. JOHN C. CORT.

Communications

REFORM BEGINS AT THE PLANT LEVEL

Fair Haven, Vermont.

TO the Editors: I should like your leave to comment on Mr. John Cort's remarks in the October 1st COMMONWEAL on the attitude of Eric Gill and Dorothy Day to industrialism. Mr. Cort believes that industrialism can be cured of its obvious evils by giving it a real Christian orientation. He says that "to paraphrase Chesterton, Christian industrialism hasn't failed because it has never been tried." Gill and Miss Day, on the other hand, have taught that if industrialism were really converted it could no longer be called industrialism, that its evils are essential.

To begin with, we notice that Mr. Chesterton's original remark, though forceful, is inaccurate. Christianity has been tried, and when it has been tried it has never failed. The saints have tried it, and they have proved that it works in proportion to the thoroughness with which it is tried.

Christianity perfects human nature. Industrialism degrades it. It cannot "be reconciled with the demands of human personality." Christianity does in fact produce perfected human beings, but as Mr. Cort admits, industrialism has not yet done so. He believes that this is merely because the potential excellences of industrialism have not yet been realized. On the other hand, it may be because there are essential imperfections in the very nature of industrialism. I believe the trouble of this second belief is easily demonstrated.

Human motives may be divided between the Sacred and the Secular. The sacred view of life puts the primary ends first, and these are usually defined as the love and service of God and neighbor. The sacred view of life puts the secondary ends, money, pleasure, power, second. In the secular view, however, these secondary ends are put first. Secondary ends are only good when subordinated to primary ends, and secularism is in its essence the insubordination of secondary ends. Putting the profit motive, the power motive, the pleasure motive first, *is* secularism.

Human beings cannot live without making things, and things can be made either in a sacred or a secular way. The sacred means of production is the exercise of the virtue of art. The general end of art is the love and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Editorial

Reprinted from The Advance, Official Organ of THE AMALGAMATED CLOTHING WORKERS OF AMERICA, CIO:

WE ARE FOR TRUMAN. A careful analysis of the political scene makes our choice a clear one.

Dewey is completely enmeshed in the interests of Big Business and the National Association of Manufacturers. He has said exactly nothing on housing, nothing on price control, and nothing on civil liberties. His mouth-piece, Harold Stassen, speaking with Dewey's full knowledge and approval, endorsed the Taft-Hartley Law. If there ever was any question that the Republican Party stands for big profits and low wages, the 80th Congress has removed the last doubt. The Republican Party stands for special privileges for the few rather than civil rights for all. It stands for low taxes on big incomes and high priced food on the grocery shelf. It stands for the Taft-Hartley strait-jacket on the working people. Dewey cannot disassociate himself from the Republican record. He will not even try to. Dewey can be elected only if we forget what he stands for. The record of the 80th Congress is too fresh in our memories to permit us to forget.

Wallace presents an entirely different problem. He is preaching liberalism as if he had a patent on the word. Yet he represents a threat to liberalism that is second only to the avowed reactionaries supporting Dewey. Whether he knows it or not, or whether he intends it or not, Wallace is doing all that he can to defeat liberals for public office. When the Amalgamated withdrew from the American Labor Party in New York State, we issued a statement which said in part "A third party in 1948 must inevitably play into the hands of labor's enemies. In New York City alone, if it is effective at all, it will guarantee the election of reactionary Republican Congressmen from a number of marginal districts. The same will be true in other parts of the country. This move can only serve the reactionary political and economic interests in this country and it comes at a time when contrary action is so obviously indicated. In our view, the reactionary elements responsible for the Taft-Hartley Act and the inflationary rise in prices should be soundly defeated, not aided and abetted."

Every word of that statement has been underscored by Wallace and his Third Party. Almost anywhere you look among the key areas, the same pattern has developed. The Wallace people are concentrating on splitting the liberal vote. They know they cannot elect their own people. Yet they do not hesitate to try to wreck the chances of liberal Democrats. To support Wallace is actually to assure the election of Dewey and the re-election of the 80th Congress reactionaries. It is a little late in the day for the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, with its honorable history of vigorous progressiveness, to trot down that sorry path.

We have a real choice in 1948. It is a choice between effective inflation control on the one hand and boom and bust on the other. It is a choice between a Taft-Hartley blanket smothering every union right on the one hand and protection for labor's right to organize and bargain on the other. It is a choice between a civil rights program which Walter White, Secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, says is the most advanced ever offered by an American President, and enthronement of special privilege.

We do not pretend that we have approved of all of Mr. Truman's actions either on personnel or policy matters. Neither did we approve of all of Roosevelt's. But Truman has increasingly demonstrated the political daring, the flexibility and the devotion to principle that, over the long run, can mean a growth of real democracy in this country. His calling of the special session of Congress was an act of imaginative daring in the best Rooseveltian tradition. His quick recognition of Israel was a dramatic shift in approach that indicated a capacity to recognize bad policy and correct it just as Roosevelt did more than once. His position on Taft-Hartley and on civil liberties has carried the banner of high principle far beyond the requirements of immediate political expediency. We like his program. As between Truman and Dewey there can be no problem in choosing. The real tragedy of Wallace is that he has removed himself not only from the Democratic Party at a crucial time when every progressive influence was needed, but also from his real friends who would have welcomed a constructive opportunity to have him pull in harness with us.

The common people and the workers of America can win in November only if Truman is elected. And Truman can win only if the working people register and vote. Wallace's candidacy makes the fight harder. But it will take more than the Wallaceites and Dewey combined to kill the liberal spirit of America. We, along with CIO, are committing ourselves to Truman. And events are committing him to us. It is to his credit that big business, the real estate lobby, the Dixiecrats and the labor baiters want no part of him. The labor movement is the only major force that is with him. His election in November will provide America with a President and a Congress committed to the common people by the strongest obligations that a democracy can impose—the obligation to heed the will and serve the needs of the majority.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EMIGRANT
INDUSTRIAL
SAVINGS BANK

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corp.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

JOSEPH P. GRACE
Director, W. R. Grace & Co.
Trustee, Columbia University

ROBERT L. HOGUET
Attorney at Law, Amend & Amend
Trustee, The Children's Aid Society

ROBERT J. CUDDIHY
Director, Grace National Bank of N. Y.

WALTER H. BENNETT
Director of Bank of the Manhattan Company
Trustee, Brooklyn Eye and Ear Hospital

PATRICK E. CROWLEY
Former President, New York Central R. R.
Member, American Arbitration Association

WILLIAM V. GRIFFIN
Chairman, Brady Security & Realty Corp.
Vice-President, N. Y. Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital

MICHAEL A. MORRISSEY
Chairman, The American News Company
Trustee, College of New Rochelle

ROBERT F. LOREE
Chairman, National Foreign Trade Council

THOMAS I. PARKINSON
President, The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the U. S.
Trustee, Columbia University

JAMES F. McDONNELL
Senior Partner, McDonnell & Co.

DANIEL P. HIGGINS
Partner, Eggers and Higgins, Architects
Director, New York Tuberculosis and Health Assn.

ROBERT W. DOWLING
President, City Investing Co.
Trustee, St. John's Guild

ARTHUR J. MORRIS
President, Fulton Trust Co. of N. Y.
Director, Catholic Youth Organization, N. Y.

JOSEPH F. ABBOTT
President, American Sugar Refining Co.
Trustee, The Nutrition Foundation, Inc.

JOSEPH P. CHAMBERLAIN
Professor of Public Law, Columbia University
Trustee, Russell Sage Foundation

THOMAS J. ROSS
Senior Partner, Ivy Lee and T. J. Ross
Trustee, United Hospital Fund of N. Y. C.

WILLIAM M. HOLMES
Chairman, Jacqueline Cochran, Inc.
Director, Better Business Bureau

JOHN T. MADDEN
President, Emigrant Industrial Savings Bank
Trustee, Iona College

RAYMOND H. REISS
Vice-President, Reiss Manufacturing Corp.
Member, Advisory Board, St. Vincent's Hospital

ANDREW J. HAIRE
President, Haire Publishing Co.

51 Chambers Street
Just East of Broadway

5 East 42nd Street
Just off Fifth Avenue
NEW YORK

This Mutual Savings Bank has 291,111 Depositors whose combined savings are $525,656,137.08 (As of July 1, 1948).

service of God and neighbor—a primary end. Art perfects human nature. The particular end is the good of the particular thing to be made, the fulfilment of that thing's own final cause.

Industrialism is a secular way of making things. It is a complex of techniques which have been developed for the fulfilment of the profit motive. Few will be willing to assent that industrialism has grown into the shape it now bears as a result of strivings for the service of God and neighbor. By industrial means things are not made better than they would be made by artistic means. They are made cheaper. To keep the wheels of industrialism turning it is often found necessary to make things as badly as they can be made without driving the buyer to a trade rival. Money is a legitimate secondary end, but an illegitimate primary end.

It seems clear, therefore, that Eric Gill and the *Catholic Worker* are correct in answering in the negative the question: "Can mass production be reconciled with the demands of human personality?" From the strictly theoretical point of view there seems no doubt that it is the duty of all Catholics of intelligence to move as rapidly as possible away from industrialism and toward art whenever there is the possibility of choice between secular and sacred means of production. This is neither aestheticism or romanticism, but Christian tradition and Christian logic.

However, we live at present in an industrial world, and a sudden disturbance of this world would cause starvation and catastrophe, whether the motive for this disturbance was a good one or an evil one. When we leave theory and come to practice we find that various compromises with the existing facts have to be made. Whether these adjustments are made wisely or foolishly depends upon the ability of the individual to steer between the extremes of the over-rigid doctrinaire on the one hand and of the over-plastic time-server on the other. It is only too likely that many young enthusiasts for the sacred and traditional values in life as against the secular, for holiness as against unholiness, for art as against industrialism, will confuse means and ends and make serious errors of judgment. Sound judgments in the application of principles are usually the result not only of truth in the principles, but of a wisdom which does not usually come without years and maturity. But if young people have correct principles and good will, they are already far ahead of most of their contemporaries, and maturity of judgment will come.

GRAHAM CAREY.

Stotlers Cross Roads, W. Va.

TO the Editors: I note in your October 1, 1948, issue John Cort in his Labor Movement calling for a "Christian Industrialism." This is fantastic. Perhaps we can also look forward to "the Trinitarianism of Mahomet" and the "Military Strategy of the Quakers."

How Chesterton must chuckle over being paraphrased by "Christian industrialism" and Gill proposing that we can also look forward to "Christian prostitution"—which, by the way, he has called the factory system.

The nature of man and industrialism cannot be per-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

manently reconciled. That is why Mr. Cort will look forever in vain for a Christian plant, for only so long as man remains whole he remains Christian.

The evil essence of industrialism—remembering industrialism as that which is common and dominant in capitalism, socialism and communism—is its unholiness, for it reduces man to a subhuman condition of intellectual irresponsibility.

Mr. Cort would be getting to the heart of the matter if he put the question: "Can mass production be reconciled with the demands of human personality at the bar of Papal teaching?" Pius XI's condemnation of industrialism is clear in *Quadragesimo Anno,* when he says: "And bodily labor which was decreed by Providence for the good of man's body and soul even after original sin has everywhere been changed into an instrument of strange perversion, for dead matter leaves the factory ennobled and transformed, where men are corrupted and degraded."

Mr. Cort should look up and study all the other Papal blasts at industrialism. A few from Pius XII are the broadcast of Whitsunday, 1941; to the Craftsmen on October 21st, 1947; to the Peasants on August 31st, 1947; the Letter to Farmers of November 15th, 1946, and others.

Industrialism is the ephemeral thing and until the climax of industrial triumph has spent itself Christians are again in the catacombs.

The *Living Parish* of June, 1947, emphasizes the Papal viewpoint in the following paragraph:

> The distributist, agrarian philosophy of Chesterton and Gill received strong support in a recent talk by the Holy Father as reported in the *Catholic Herald* of London. (U. S. Catholic papers seemed indifferent.) The Pope said "The worker in the field represents the natural order decreed by God—that is that man should dominate by his labor material things and not that these material things should dominate him." In another part of his talk the Pope declares "The modern towns with their constant growth are the typical product of the rule of the big capitalist. This rule extends not only over the nation but also over man himself.
>
> "Besides dehumanizing man, urbanized industrialism has speeded the process of dechristianization. Crowded conditions make Sunday assistance at Mass perfunctory—and proper observance of Holy Days almost impossible. We have cut Christianity to fit that pattern of industrialism and the result is, in too many cases, the irreducible liturgical minimum."

May THE COMMONWEAL print more like "Secularism in Church" for the help of Mr. Cort and others who are interested in the dignity of the workman.

DAVID HENNESSY.

Bryans Road, Maryland.

TO the Editors: Mr. John C. Cort in THE COMMONWEAL, October 1st, asserts that the followers of Eric Gill, Dorothy Day, *et al.,* have made an "illogical assumption" in maintaining that mass production cannot be reconciled with the demands of human person-

Specially Selected Woolens

HAND-TAILORED FOR US BY
HICKEY-FREEMAN

THE *distinctive patterns of finer American and British woolens . . . the unsurpassed hand tailoring of* HICKEY-FREEMAN *. . . our personalized fitting service—set* TRIPLER *clothes apart from the regular ready-to-wear . . . There are no finer made*

SUITS $95 *to* $135
OTHER TRIPLER SUITS $65 *to* $85

In ever increasing numbers, business executives, professional and university men have come to know the lasting satisfaction of TRIPLER *clothes. This is largely due to the recommendation of those who are familiar with our styles and service, and who appreciate the economy of fine clothes well made*

F. R. TRIPLER & CO.
OUTFITTERS TO GENTLEMEN
Established 1886
MADISON AVE. AT 46 · NEW YORK 17

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ality. It is evident that Mr. Cort, like most Catholics who reject Distributism, is poorly read in the writings of Gill, for Gill explained in great detail the unacceptability of "machine tending" as being work in which the free will and the rational nature of man are violated. Joint production committees, industry councils, rest periods, time standards, health and welfare plans and any of the paraphernalia of the enlightened, modern plant cannot in any way erase this objection.

It is characteristic of our age of intense specialization and fragmentation that mental activity has been divorced from physical labor and vice versa and mental activity and physical labor each severely segmented within themselves so that creative activity is the monopoly of the few. The extent of this segmentation is appalling to behold; e. g., in the slaughtering and meat-packing industry we have the "snout puller," the "eyes cutter," and the "bung dropper," who, day after day, are individually and exclusively occupied with removing the snouts, eyes, and anuses of hogs; in the shoe factory we have the "vamp creaser," who operates a machine to pre-crease your shoes; at the capstone of the system in the bureaucracy we have the "occupational analyst," who, at a "professional" level, describes what the "snout puller," the "bung dropper," the "eyes cutter," and the "vamp creaser" do.

The secular reformers of our time are overwhelmingly committed to a policy of humanizing this mechanized society, but of leaving the industrial method intact. So, too, our own NCWC is committed to Christianizing our industrial order. Father Higgins and his colleagues eschew the radical approach of Distributism. Theirs is the approach of the specialist and the bureaucrat. In the NCWC, as in the government, are the numerous departments, each dealing with a fragment of the whole. The Department of Social Action at the NCWC will refer you to specialists in the Department of Education if your question be in that field, or to Family Life should your concern apparently be there. Mr. Cort and the NCWC officials, like good specialists and bureaucrats, probably see nothing objectionable in dealing with religion, the family, economics, Catholic Action all as separate unrelated items. The vision of the restoration of the *whole* man in the family, in work, and in the community is to Mr. Cort, perhaps, "romantic." The vision of the followers of Eric Gill, the very Catholic vision, of the father restored to the headship of the family, of the mother back in the home, of the home back on the land, of the community made up of such homes and such men and women, and of art restored to the average man, is, of course, not compatible with the conditions of modern mechanized society requiring fathers to work away from home, encouraging mothers to turn over their duties to professional educators, counsellors, nurses, etc., more and more necessitating the home to be in a rented apartment or a house in the city, utterly separating the products of the workman from the needs of the local community, and reducing workmen to automatons. It is this inhuman mechanization that has destroyed the family, the community, and the free man, for it has done away with the economic, social, and educational functions of the home, it has subordinated the small community to the great urban centers, and it has destroyed the craftsman and the small farmer. Mr. Cort, no doubt, belongs to that group of contemporary Catholic social thinkers who assume that you can have your cake and eat it too. You can somehow by dint of labor legislation, lavish expenditures on compulsory formal education and on social services, and, if need be, governmentally administered social security and subsidies to the family, you can keep your factories, your modern plumbing, your "cushy" offices, your television, your airliners, all these and whatever additional clever gadgets that can be contrived for ease, speed, and luxury, and still have a Christian society. And what has art got to do with it?

> . . . But the world which finance has won is a world in which, by its own boast, all things necessary shall be made by automatons—houses, clothes, furniture, and utensils, food and drink, the very things which, in the humane world, were man's chief means to beauty, and in the making of which was his chief means of contemplation. In this brave new world work shall be divorced from pleasure, use from beauty and art from commerce. . . . (*The Necessity of Belief*. Eric Gill. Faber & Faber.)

ELBERT R. SISSON.

MAN AGAINST THE SKYLINE

Elizabeth, N. J.

TO the Editors: Not only did I not think Mr. Charles Fuller's article outstanding (August 20th issue), but I was in complete disagreement with all its implications. However, until you published the communication from Mr. Robert Weinberg, my past professor of city planning and source of my small knowledge of the subject, I had not intended to make any written comment to you.

My quarrel with Mr. Fuller's thesis and with all those who have written commending it is that it is so entirely unnecessary. Here he is presenting us with a set of hypothetical questions about a nearly perfect city, when no city has made even a large part of the type improvements each city needs no matter what answers are eventually found for Mr. Fuller's questions.

This is the failure always of magazines such as THE COMMONWEAL. They convince the convinced. Endlessly they expound theories, never do they suggest a practice. Is there a purpose, a need for THE COMMONWEAL? I think so, and am a delighted reader. But, if the knowledge of city planning does not increase one jot for two decades there shall still be a large bulk of sound but unapplied principles. If Mr. Fuller is sincerely concerned for cities, let him go to the leader of his own ward (any party) in his own city and devote his efforts toward obtaining for his own ward a few more playgrounds, quieter streets, cleanliness, better housing, etc. When he feels that there is some danger that all this will soon be in his own ward, if he will drop me a line I shall puzzle over his hypothetical questions with him. (But I'll be more interested in learning how he accomplished what he did accomplish.)

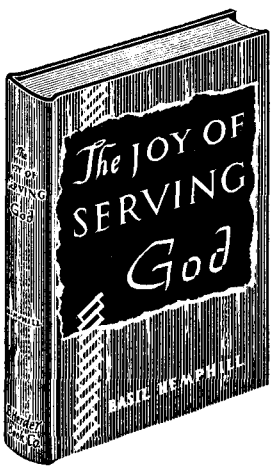
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HERDER GIFT SUGGESTIONS

MEDITATIONS FOR EVERYMAN

by JOSEPH MCSORLEY *of the Paulist Fathers*

Short, practical meditations for each day of the liturgical year. Based on Father McSorley's long experience in directing souls, they constitute a spiritual treasury for the twentieth century man of the world. Vol. I ($2.50) covers the period from Advent to Pentecost. Vol. II ($2.75) completes the cycle of the ecclesiastical year.



THE JOY OF SERVING GOD

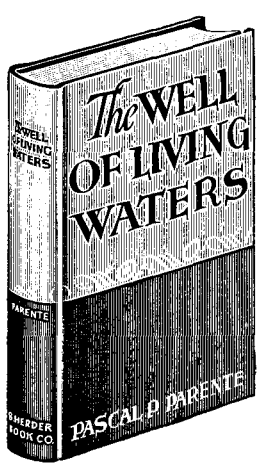
by DOM BASIL HEMPHILL, *O.S.B.*

A new book of conferences whose general theme is joy: the joy that characterizes the truths of our religion, and that should pervade our practice of it. Father Hemphill addresses himself primarily to religious. $2.50

THE WELL OF LIVING WATERS

by REV. PASCAL P. PARENTE, *Ph.D., J.C.B.*

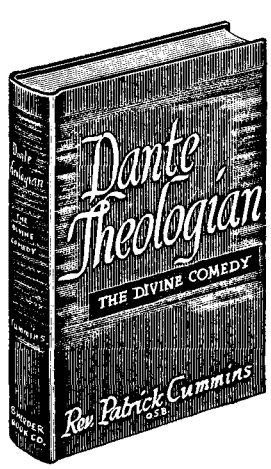
The sources of the spiritual life: excerpts from the Bible, the Fathers, and the Masters of the Spirit. Should prove a handy reference for preachers and an inspiration for all who wish to follow a series of meditations on one subject. $3.50



DANTE THEOLOGIAN—The Divine Comedy

translation and commentary by REV. PATRICK CUMMINS, *O.S.B.*

A new, English version of the Divine Comedy, together with 172 pages of commentary which throw light on the literal meanings of obscure passages and explain the spiritual or theological contents of Dante's masterpiece. $6.00



B. HERDER BOOK CO. • 15-17 S. BROADWAY • ST. LOUIS 2, MO.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By HARRY

Sylvester

Author of "Moon Gaffney"

ALL YOUR IDOLS

"There are fourteen stories in this book, and only a fire-bell or a scream in the next room would make you stop reading. The stories show the same fertility of invention, the same ease, and they are equally interesting. It is a fine book." —*N. Y. Times Book Review.* $3.50

By RICHARD

Sullivan

Assoc. Prof. of English, Notre Dame

FIRST CITIZEN

The new novel by the author of *The World of Idella May.* "These are the fireworks of a nobly angry writer . . . a book of pain and power, and if I were a publisher I would be proud to have published it."—Christopher Morley, *Book-of-the-Month Club News.* "Driving drama."—*N. Y. Times.* $3.00

By FRANÇOIS

Mauriac

Author of "Thérèse"

THE UNKNOWN SEA

"Confirms the reputation Mauriac established with *A Woman of the Pharisees* and *Thérèse* as one of the finest modern French novelists. . . . THE UNKNOWN SEA invites comparison with *Madame Bovary."—N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review.* $3.00

And have you read

JAMES AND JOAN
by Anne Fremantle. $3.00

STRANGER IN THE EARTH
by Thomas Sugrue. $4.00

PETER ABELARD
by Helen Waddell. $3.00

At all bookstores

HENRY HOLT & COMPANY • N. Y. 10

For over two years I have lived in Elizabeth—as unattractive, misgoverned and apathetic a city as exists in the United States. I have ceaselessly tried to make any change for the better, or to develop a political organization which can make changes for the better. I have had no success. So far as I can see now, I have only wasted time I could have enjoyed had I spent it with my wife, my son, and my poetry books. Elizabeth needs now, every city needs now, citizens with alert minds—ringing doorbells, campaigning, organizing neighborhood complaints. It will be years before we need to answer any of Mr. Fuller's questions. JOHN CONNOR.

True enough, Mr. Connor: let there be a legion of doorbell ringers. But when the door is opened, it's always helpful to have something to say, and Mr. Fuller's "hypothetical questions" should help to stimulate the thinking of our less-informed doorbell activists. Co-operation between theorists and activists should never be relaxed and could even reduce the number of "years before we need to answer any of Mr. Fuller's questions." The more these questions are circulated, the less time you might waste ringing the doorbells of inert neighbors. THE EDITORS.

The Stage & Screen

Summer and Smoke

IT IS fairly safe to conclude that this Tennessee Williams variation is early stuff and, despite one or two excellent performances, not seriously worth its present production. It is dull; over-finagled on the setting side; vastly over-dressed on the costume side; crammed with a kind of nursery symbolism; and offers, finally, no apprehensible progression in the writer's work—certainly no clue to his conscious mind. The play concerns a Minister's daughter and a Doctor's son living next door to each other throughout childhood and long delayed adolescence in the town of Glorious Hill, Mississippi. The Girl, devoted to a version of the inner life, hopelessly strives to convert the Boy from his sexual obsessions. However, an accident occurring at the climax forces these two to reverse their positions, but this reversal in no wise affects their relationship: they are unable to meet on any ground whatsoever—they are unable even to communicate—and in the end, we witness the Girl stepping out with quite the most sympathetic Traveling Salesman ever portrayed, and the Boy committed to marriage with the rambunctious daughter of the town's most notorious professional woman.

What is distressing is that while there is certainly a large amount of the Freudian brand of psychoanalysis at work in the piece, there is almost nothing of the sort of common psychology which builds believable character, or possible situation. I have not the data on hand to quarrel with Mr. Williams's time-schedule—he places his play between the turn of the century and 1916—but

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it seems highly anachronistic to me that the word "neurotic" should crop up in dialogue set in such a provincial prospect, and that all the current extensions of psychosomatic medicine should be so thoroughly understood by the young, not studious, physician under examination. It is imperative at this stage of the game to try to assess Mr. Williams's contribution to our dramatic welter. He has, after all, produced three plays plus one adaptation during the last three years and there is no argument against his being a playwright. On the other hand, his idiom is becoming somewhat worn and there is no question that he is open to the charges of being "poetical," and certainly of confusing character with the most humdrum conception of individuality. This latter is, unfortunately, a charge which can be brought against a good many of the Southern writers of our period, just as it can be brought against a good number of the Spanish and Irish writers of any period since Elizabethan times. Any economically hampered community (or nation) is apt to breed individuals with a special story: people who are quirky or weird or bestial; all of whom are sick, and none of whom are persons at all. It goes without saying that these individuals are interesting—occasionally they are adorable—but the degree of their interest must depend upon a consciousness of their entire scheme, their *cause,* in the mind of their creator. As Mr. Williams has nervously eschewed consciousness in an abashed article in the Sunday *Times* (he seems to connect the price of knowing with the expensiveness of obscurity), it is apparent that he considers as universal, facets which are only melodramatic, special, single, and journalistic. Certainly the lovely syntax of his One Woman—her nagging articulateness in old age ("Menagerie"); her incessancy, frustration, and arbitrariness ("Streetcar" and this piece); lead us to No Woman, but rather to some strange, unanalyzed transference in the author's own personality. As for the charge of being "poetical," it is true that Mr. Williams is so. But this term leads to a desert which no poet and no writer has ever openly wished to conquer. The term is a critical one, invented, I imagine, after Maeterlinck, and I can think of no more humiliating subtitle to serious work for now.

I would like to append that Margaret Phillips's work in the lead is just as complete as her past interpretations would have led one to suspect. She is enchanting, moving, honestly technically skilled, and has gained, I think, in physical grace. Tod Andrews turns in a complementary job, and the delightful doings of Betty Greene Little as a nosy Neighbor, and Ray Walston on the final Salesman are particularly to be noted. I have no fierce argument with Margo Jones's direction and Jo Mielziner's stunning set. In a transitional theater, one has to accept a mixture of the symbolic and the real with one scheme attempting to supplement the deficiencies of the other. The trouble is that between Mr. Mielziner's idealism and the costumer, Rose Bogdanoff's, one has no choice but to believe that Glorious Hill, Mississippi, is a town of architectural and trapped glamor, with everyone velvetly clad in startling colors and cut to the latest possible Dior pattern. Awfully silly. (*at the Music Box*)

Two Days Old

Eddie Doherty's spiritual writing is like an onion in your martini—you either love it or loathe it. But at least it isn't like anything else in the way of spiritual reading—an ace newspaper-man who suddenly takes to going to heaven for his news is likely to be, as they say, "different." His new book **MARTIN** ($2.50) is about Blessed Martin de Porres: fourteen chapters about his subject's life, fourteen meditations on him, each seen against a background of one of the Stations of the Cross. Call that ordinary?

Ed Willock (I wonder if these two were actually christened Edward?) is rapidly becoming THE Catholic cartoonist of America—that's our guess anyway—and he doesn't write so badly either. We have just published his first book, **YE GODS** ($2.50) in which you may see him at his best as artist and writer, and the little gods who are so widely worshipped today at their worst. Their names are Glamor, Speed, Success, Comfort and so on: the pictures alone will lose them some worshippers.

Once upon a time there was a good Catholic girl who got engaged to an agnostic. She roped in an uncle who was a priest to write her what to say to her young man and thus finally began to find out something about the faith herself. . . . The priest's letters are in a book called **THE FAITH MAKES SENSE** by **John Carmel Heenan** ($3.00). This is not only good modern apologetics but a book about real people, who (in the trying manner of real people) do not behave in the least as we expect them to.

Well Away:

THE GUEST ROOM BOOK
Assembled by F. J. Sheed
$3.50

YOUNG MR. NEWMAN
by Maisie Ward
$4.50

THE MASS IN SLOW MOTION
by Msgr. Ronald Knox
$2.50

At your bookstore or

SHEED & WARD
NEW YORK 3

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BEATRICE LILLIE ★ JACK HALEY
in the MUSICAL SMASH
Inside U.S.A.
"ENORMOUSLY ENJOYABLE MUSICAL" —ATKINSON, N. Y. Times
MAJESTIC
44th St. W. of B'way
Evgs. 8:30
Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"Bright and funny . . . Magical theatre."
Brooks Atkinson, Times
MAX GORDON Presents
BORN YESTERDAY
The Hilarious Comedy Hit by
GARSON KANIN
With JUDY HOLLIDAY—JOHN ALEXANDER
LYCEUM THEA. 45th St. E. of B'way, LU 2-3897
Evgs. Incl. Sun. 8:40. Mats. Sat. & Sun. 2:40, No Mon. Perform.

NOW PLAYING
AMERICAN PREMIERE
THE FILM WHICH WAS PRAISED BY THE VATICAN
Alesandro Manzoni's
"THE SPIRIT and THE FLESH"
(I Promessi Sposi)
THE MODERN BEN-HUR
in Italian—English Titles by John Erskine
Doors open 9:45 AM
STANLEY
7th Ave. Bet. 41st-42nd Sts

THE CATHOLIC RENASCENCE SOCIETY
Announces for November a new semi-annual magazine
RENASCENCE
devoted to a critical evaluation of the Catholic revival of letters edited by John Pick.
Articles and Reviews in the First Issue by
Mother Grace, Helmut A. Hatzfeld, Maurice Lebel, Joseph J. Reilly, Jane Goodloe, Francis X. Connolly.
Subscription $2.00 yearly
For prospectus write: Managing Editor, Renascence
Marquette University, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

Private Lives

THE degree of silliness, loudness, rampancy, hilarity, vulgarity, sheer virtuosity, and even overt good will, to which Tallulah can rear this Coward antique is something to watch. Mark down for all visiting cousins who consider *startle* the beginning and end of things theatrical. And also, of course, for the sophisticated nostalgics. (*at the Plymouth*)

KAPPO PHELAN

Dance, Little Lady

IT IS so seldom that movies are successful in portraying ballet and the people connected with it that *"The Red Shoes"* deserves huzzahs on that score alone. However, this extraordinary English movie merits applause for several other reasons: its music, dancing, and Technicolor are exceptionally beautiful; and Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, who wrote, produced and directed the film, have given us many scenes of superb cinema. The film's greatest weakness lies in its story: a sort of modern Trilby affair about a young and pretty dancer (Moira Shearer) who trains strenuously under the influence of a strict impressario (Anton Walbrook) and becomes a prima ballerina. But she falls in love with a young composer (Marius Goring), whose rise somewhat paralleled hers; she marries this man much to the annoyance of the impressario, who finally forces her to choose between going with her husband and dancing the lead rôle in a ballet especially designed for her. Her decision, which results either in accidental death or suicide, is too hysterically ambiguous for an intelligent film that has been carefully thought out in most departments. The cast, beside the three leads listed above, includes Robert Helpmann, Leonide Massine, Ludmilla Tcherina and many other dancers and actors, all of whom help to set the tone and give this movie its authentic backstage and onstage atmosphere. The film's title is the same as that of the ballet which is danced in its entirety in the movie and which is based on the Hans Christian Andersen story about the girl whose shoes would not let her stop dancing. While the career-versus-love theme is no better stated in "The Red Shoes," it is much more handsomely decorated than it ever has been before, and it succeeds in making outstanding entertainment for the discriminating moviegoer.

Of course, just because a movie has pretty Technicolor and a good cast does not mean it is necessarily a good movie. The new Goldwyn opus, *"A Song Is Born,"* qualifies on several scores, but is unfortunately rather dull as a whole. It tells kind of a cute story about seven fuddy-duddy professors who live together in a New York mansion while they are writing a history of music. Their masculine retreat is invaded by a blond torch singer (Virginia Mayo), who lets the youngest of these graybeards (Danny Kaye) think she is in love with him. Even the seven dwarfs weren't so upset by Snow White. You may have seen all this before, when Barbara Stanwyck and Gary Cooper played the leads in "Ball of Fire," and when it was much funnier. The greatest innovation in this version is the introduction of a lot of musicians who are going to set the hep-cats on their ears: Benny Good-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the snake pit has been filmed!

With all the emotional impact and penetrating insight that made the best-selling novel the most powerful book of our time—the story now comes to the screen!

Darryl F. Zanuck
presents

OLIVIA de HAVILLAND
THE SNAKE PIT

20th CENTURY-FOX

also Starring
MARK STEVENS
LEO GENN
with
Celeste Holm · Glenn Langan

Directed by ANATOLE LITVAK

Produced by
ANATOLE LITVAK and ROBERT BASSLER

and Helen Craig • Leif Erickson • Beulah Bondi • Lee Patrick • Howard Freeman • Natalie Schafer • Ruth Donnelly • Katherine Locke • Frank Conroy • Minna Gombell

Screen Play by Frank Partos and Millen Brand • Based on the Novel by Mary Jane Ward

Watch For It At Your Favorite Theatre!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man, Louis Armstrong, Charlie Barnet, Tommy Dorsey and many, many others who really go to town in a couple of scenes and prove the picture's title. As a document in musical Americana, these scenes are little gems, but if you are a Kaye fan you wait in vain for Danny to do one of his nonsense numbers, and if you are a plain moviegoer (and a square one at that) you never will find out what all the tooting's about.

"Back Streets of Paris" is an interesting example of how a good French film maker can be too influenced by Hollywood films. While this item has a certain Gallic flavor, particularly in background scenes that are the real thing, most of it is like an overenthusiastic gangster melodrama. Fortunately, the goings-on in this low-class rooming house are dominated by a very fine actress, Françoise Rosay, whose work is fascinating to watch under any circumstances. As a thief among thieves, she almost outsmarts the wiliest among them. What is surprising is that Producer-Director Jacques Feyder has not been more successful with the cast surrounding Miss Rosay. They seldom become more than types in a depressing and meaningless drama about life in the gutter.

If foreign movies are your specialty and you can't find a new one that wins your interest, you might revisit *"Maedchen in Uniform,"* which has just been re-released with new subtitles. You'll find this old German movie stands up very well and still breaks your heart. While its story, set in a Potsdam school for the daughters of Prussian officers around 1913, is not so startling as it was when it first appeared, it is still quite stirring. The acting of Dorothea Wieck as the intelligent teacher, Herta Thiele as the sensitive pupil who has a crush on her, Emilia Unda as the stern principal who frightens the girls into helplessness, and several of the minor players has a quiet quality of reality that we seldom see today. As an indictment against old-fashioned, hard-boiled teaching methods, "Maedchen in Uniform" is in a class by itself and should not be missed by anyone working in the field of education. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books

Guard of Honor. James Gould Cozzens. Harcourt. $3.50.

LATELY an Air Force major, James Gould Cozzens here turns the trick on Bill Mauldin's disconsolate GI's who used to dream about doing what he does in this novel: he "exposes" the brass. Few of Mr. Mauldin's more disgruntled readers will be tickled about this though, since Cozzens, having let the steam of wartime grudges blow off, further clears the air by saying that, after all, officers may have been human.

Guard of Honor gives us the inside dope on what went on for three days in 1943 at Ocanara Air Base in Florida, as the commandant, forty-two-year-old fly-boy Major General Beal, gets all tangled up in the racial issue when an ex-combat lieutenant colonel swings on a negro pilot and smashes his nose. This happens on Thursday night and by late Saturday night, through the sage wisdom of Colonel Norman "Judge" Ross, who really runs the air

Presenting Another Kenedy "First"...

THE Kenedy De Luxe Gift Editions of The Bible and Prayer Books are planned to achieve that "superfine" quality which bespeaks the "collector's limited edition" . . . a book the giver would be proud to give and the recipient regard as a life-time possession. To this end no effort was spared.

The design and workmanship of the bindings, the quality of leather, the texture of the paper, the rich shades of colors to conform to the most exacting tastes . . . all required a considerable amount of research and inquiry. Where it was expedient to use machine processes without sacrificing quality, the latest and best in manufacturing methods were employed. ***Yet, seventeen separate hand processes entered into the making of the Kenedy De Luxe Gift Editions!***

A transparent plastic utility cover encases each book. This case not only makes a distinctive gift wrapping but may be retained to keep the book clean and dust-free.

Two years of planning and a great many skilled minds and hands have entered into the making of these special editions. We are now ready to present the final result . . . gifts which will inspire devotion and appeal to good taste.

Careful inquiry into the color tastes of individuals reveals that Moroccan Red, Maroon, Deep Blue, Medium Green, Dark Green, Purple and Dark Brown are the most popular. We have incorporated these colors in the pliable, genuine leather bindings which long have distinguished Kenedy Bibles and Prayer Books.

Write for Catalog — Dept. C-29

P. J. KENEDY & SONS • 12 Barclay St., N. Y. 8

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

base for the hot-pilot general, an insurrection by negro officers is headed off.

Before this peaceful solution appears, the reader has a three-day tour of just about everything he'll want to know about a Stateside air base, and a good deal more that he could get along without. Around his central theme Mr. Cozzens throws in the following: a mass paratroop demonstration honoring General Beal and involving the drowning of seven men, formal presentation of medals to negro and white officers, the nervous tension endured by Army wives, the neurotic suicide of the General's old CO, public relations troubles with a crusading newspaper, some official gossip about the Quebec Conference, orderly room and bedroom travails of two or three WAC's, an inspection tour by top Washington brass, the inner workings of an air base control tower, and passing in and out at various times are about twenty-five officers and a sprinkling of enlisted personnel, all taking their adjustment to military life in attitudes ranging from the stoic to the hedonistic. The officers and their WAC's do a considerable amount of speculating; they take vulgarities with a military frankness and sex with a steadily diminishing sense of restraint. As things stand here, there was apparently not enough principled restraint among the military, under a balmy Florida night-sky, to withstand any great quantities of liquor and loneliness. If all this won't keep you looking, Mr. Cozzens adds long-winded flashbacks and still has time to show briefer glimpses of the General having a Scotch at his desk, Mrs. Beal rolling Red Cross bandages, the Colonel inspecting a kitchen and finding a crack in the meatblock, and the touchy feeling hanging in the air in the officers' washroom when a general and a colonel, hands dripping wet, find that the paper towel supply has run out. All in three days.

Not a sensationalist, Mr. Cozzens writes of the hour-by-hour Army with the workmanlike wordiness of a Trollope whose lapses into gossip obscure an otherwise fairly engaging story about chairborn officers struggling in, and with, administrative intricacies. Mr. Cozzens' province is to chronicle events with painstaking plodding, reconstructing the military day with careful and pedestrian accuracy. His view is that somehow or other every General Beal was complemented by his Colonel Ross, and the combination of the two happily saw the Army through all its bungling.

With no bravado, the people in this novel are not the reckless, swaggering, natty crowd so often satirized as Air Corps playboys. Never cocksure that the Air Force alone will save the world, most of them are not even sure what they are doing sometimes, and few of them have any ideological support or patriotic fervor at all; what satisfaction there is in such a world comes from the conviction that to some extent, at least, this is the real, going, existential world of men fumbling through a job as they will.

Whenever he could stand this fumbling existence no longer, General Beal had a habit of wheeling out a P-47 and roaring off into the rarified atmosphere to 30,000 feet, where consciousness began to black out and where he could look down aimlessly while somebody else sweated out his problems. And after three-days-worth of Mr. Cozzens prose, it would be hard to resist the urge to join the General, climbing off into an exhilarating time in the wild blue yonder. EDWARD F. MEAGHER.

SAINT PETER THE APOSTLE

by William Thomas Walsh

Author of OUR LADY OF FATIMA

Against a background as fresh as today, Mr. Walsh presents a modern biography of the Prince of Apostles and the Keeper of the Keys. He has collected all the scattered facts available and with his well-known talents, has presented this vivid and dramatic record of the development of the simple Fisher of Men into the majestic saint who was to be called The Rock.

Many age-old mysteries about Saint Peter are probed and explained in this fine book: the motivation of his denials of his Lord, his friendship and disagreement with Saint Paul, his sorrowful decision to separate the Church from the Synagogue in which it was cradled and to which it owed so much. Again we see unfold, through the eyes of Simon bar Jonah, the story of Jesus of Nazareth. $3.50

At your bookstore

MACMILLAN 60 Fifth Avenue New York 11, New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Treasury of Russian Spirituality. Edited by G. P. Fedotov. Sheed. $6.50.

THE profoundest tragedies of all history are the divisions amongst Christians. And, of these divisions, the most terrible and the saddest, because the least inevitable, is that between the Catholic and Orthodox Churches. Since the middle of the eleventh century (1054) the Christian East has been separated from the West by schism. The national religion of Russia continues today uninterrupted, the tradition of the Byzantine church. Professor Fedotov, in his clear and comprehensive preface, says that the Russian people "leaped directly out of the Middle Ages into the atheistic society of Communism." Until the time of Peter the Great (circa 1700) Russia had been a medieval civilization, knowing no Renaissance nor Reformation, nor any cleavage between religious and secular culture. And thereafter it was only the upper-class intelligentsia, who, by Peter's ukases, were brought forcibly into contact with the West. For the people, the long twilight of serfdom was succeeded, in less than a hundred years, by the dark of the Communist revolution.

For Professor Fedotov, the absence of any mystical tradition in Russian spirituality until the Hesychasts, the silent hermits of the Northern forests in the fifteenth century, is compensated for by what he calls the "kenotic" tendency, the imitation of Christ in His *kenosis,* His self-humiliation, and His voluntary, sacrificial, death. This identification of the believer with the hidden abjection of Our Lord is particularly apparent in Saint Tychon, for long the most beloved saint of modern Russia, and the model for Dostoevsky's Zosima. This kenotic tendency is very close to the spirituality of Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus, and her "little" way, and to Charles de Foucauld with his stress on Nazareth, on the God Who had "chosen the lowest place so that no one can take it from Him," yet Who calls all to follow Him there. Saint Theodosius, Professor Fedotov says, "brings the virtue of humility to extreme social consequences which suggest, somewhat, the practices of Saint Francis of Assisi."

It was in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries that contemplative monasticism found its way to Russia from Mount Athos, and the peculiarly Russian form of hermit-life, individuals living in forests remote from villages but often followed by disciples, who would establish themselves, also individually, nearby, developed. It was in the fifteenth century too, that Saint Sergius "stands at the crossroads . . . after his time is the beginning of a fatal separation." From his teachings, Russian monasticism took two divergent directions, the mystical and the social. These two tendencies clashed over and over again: at the beginning of the sixteenth century, when the Judaizers [the mystics opposed to capital punishment and to the legitimacy of monastic landowning] lost to the Josephites, closely connected with the princes of Moscow, "political advisers of the Muscovite princes, social leaders in the surrounding countryside." Their victory led to the driving underground of the whole mystical movement. At the end of the sixteenth century, the patriarch Nicon's liturgical reforms led to the great Raskol—the schism when the Old Believers, who fought the new corrected service books, and were ruthlessly exterminated. Literally hundreds were killed and more tortured because they *would* cross themselves with two fingers rather than three. The priest Avvakum's autobiography—written in prison—

Quickest Most Amazing Book Service in 53 Years Now Available to Schools, Parishes, Libraries!

READ WHAT "BOOK WISE" BUYERS EVERYWHERE ARE SAYING ABOUT THIS SENSATIONAL SERVICE!

Sister Mary Clarice, O.S.F., St. Francis Academy, Joliet, Ill.

"—most courteous and speediest service I've ever received."

Rev. Martin Carrabine, S.J. Inter-Student Catholic Action Moderator

"Always prompt service and almost perfect book selections."

Rev. R. Schoenbechler, O.S.B. Mt. St. Benedict, Crookston, Minn.

"The type of book service we have needed for a long time. We appreciate such speed and intelligent service."

The Answer to Your Book Problems

At last a quick, dependable service that ends troublesome book ordering and delivery worries! School, Parish and Library research has revealed the secrets of satisfying the needs of even "hard to please book buyers." Now it's possible to have books delivered to your doorstep just a few days after you mail your order. Connell-Keelin, one of the leaders in the Catholic book field give each order *"Specialized Individual Attention!"* Order Fall books this New Improved Way . . . be sure of *guaranteed,* prompt, courteous attention. Send your book orders TODAY and receive more for your book dollar or order under our Year 'round Book Plan (listed below) and receive extra quantity discounts. Receive the attention, selection and service that you are entitled to as a Connell-Keelin customer. FREE catalog on request. Order NOW!

New Easy Way to Save Money When Ordering Books This Fall

For those who prefer to make full book buying arrangements in advance, Connell-Keelin present their Year 'round Book Plan. Here are book buying advantages never before dreamed of . . . less clerical work, less correspondence, more and bigger discounts. Here's all you do . . . just let us know your book budget for the next 6 months, 9 months or fiscal year. We will schedule the quantity discount rates you are entitled to when you deal exclusively with us. Your letter places you under no obligation and will be kept confidential. Write TODAY!

When Ordering Fall Books Be Sure You Receive These 3 "Musts" . . .

- √ Books Shipped Same Day Order Received
- √ Discounts Up to 30%
- √ Guaranteed APPROVED Catholic Books

More For Your Book Dollar When You Order From Connell-Keelin, *Originators of the Gardiner List*

FREE Catalog on Request

CONNELL-KEELIN BOOKS, Inc. 39 W. Adams St., Room 710F, Chicago 3, Ill.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[he was later burnt at the stake] quoted by Professor Fedotov in its entirety is one of the grimmest of Christian documents, and one of the best pieces of unconscious Communist propaganda ever written.

Peter the Great eliminated the Church from all fields of social and political life, and relegated it to "moral action upon the individual . . . the only role left to it (and, as a matter of fact, required of it) was that of apologist for the established order." This led to the Russian church's supersession by Greek monasticism as the authority in spiritual matters, largely through the publication of the *Philocalia,* a collection of ancient ascetical writings, and through "the contemporary monasticism of Mount Athos, where the Russians had—and still have—their own communities."

The mystical or interior form of prayer was now revived, and after the long drought of the eighteenth century, the nineteenth produced an abundance of spiritual springs. Most notable was the Optina cloister, where Macarius, the author of the "Russian letters of Direction" was *starets,* and this monastery was a centre of well-known *starzy.* A starets "just grows": the call comes late, "after a long life devoted to the cultivation of simplicity and humility." The revival of the Jesus prayer (the prayer of the publican) practiced as a continuous exercise of interior contemplation, was begun on Mount Sinai in the seventh century and was practiced by the starets Piesius Velichkovski and his followers. This led to a revival also of the "skeet life," of hermits, living in shacks in the Russian forests, boggy in summer, frozen for eight month of the year, and imitating the Desert Fathers in their isolation. The Optino Skeet was founded in 1821, in Central Russia, and the starzys soon became as popular with the laity as with the cloistered. As the "Way of a Pilgrim" shows, the use of the Jesus prayer, and the study of the *Philocalia,* became widespread, reaching all levels of society.

"In the middle of the nineteenth century the evangelical and humanitarian tendencies which largely dominated Russian secular literature tempered the ascetical spirituality of the Church." These evangelicals stood for ecclesiastical reforms and were, politically, liberals; the mystics "supported the absolutism of the Tsar as a remnant of Byzantine tradition." It is generally worse to get measles when adult than when young. The struggle the Catholic Church fought against being Caesar's friend, which lasted roughly from the conversion of Constantine to the accession of Frederick II of Hohenstaufen was incipient in Russian spirituality, but never erupted until it was too late. How essential the long pull-devil-pull-baker struggles of Church and State were, and how fatal their absence, is alas demonstrated by the condition of the Russian Orthodox Church today, not only in Russia but also in the satellite states.

Mr. Dobbie-Bateman's pamphlet on Saint Seraphim is reproduced almost in its entirety, and in this, perhaps, the fullest flowering of Russian spirituality may be enjoyed. Saint Seraphim, born in 1759 and dying in 1833, seems to lead directly to the Way of a Pilgrim, and to Father Yelchaninov, and to that serene Mother Mary, whose death in a German concentration camp was so movingly described in one of the issues of Helen Iswolsky's *The Third Hour.*

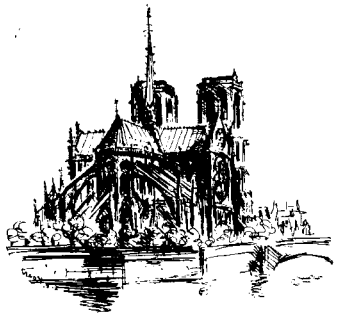
The Jesus prayer technique seems to have developed very much along parallel lines to the Rosary: Charles de Foucauld, for example, said the Rosary whenever not saying any other prayer, or reading or speaking. What-

JUST PUBLISHED

THE *City* AND THE *Cathedral*

By ROBERT GORDON ANDERSON

Author of "The Biography of a Cathedral"



THE story of Paris and its Cathedral of Notre Dame in the thirteenth, the most colorful of centuries. From A.D. 1200 to the beginning of the fourteenth century the story of the city is told in terms of the lives and work of her great men—Louis the Ninth, Thomas Aquinas, Roger Bacon, Philip the Bold—of her unknown laborers, artists and illuminators. The University grows; craftsmen work for that great adventure in labor brotherhood, the guilds; bookmaking becomes an art; Crusaders depart for the Holy Land; the French parliament is born.

Readers will be captivated by this fascinating picture of a great capital in the age of mass faith and creative activity.

337 PAGES • FRONTISPIECE • $3.50

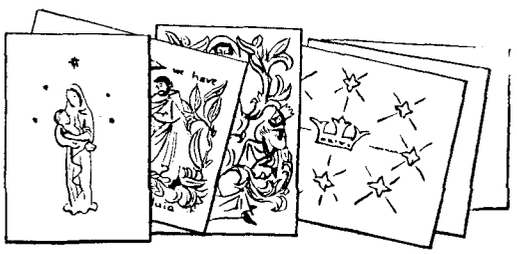
At all bookstores

LONGMANS, GREEN AND COMPANY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Christmas Cards

by Berliner & Lanigan



It gives us great pleasure to offer our second catalog of modern Christian Christmas cards designed in the spirit of the Liturgy. This year we have selected fourteen cards, including the work of Sister Mary of the Compassion, Ann Grill and Melville Steinfels.

The catalog is printed in ten colors and illustrates each card in actual size. It is available by sending twenty-five cents (refundable on your first order) to *Department C,*

BERLINER & LANIGAN, *Nevada City, California*

These stores will handle the cards—

ALBANY, N. Y.	The Little Portion Shop, 322 *Delaware Ave.*
AURORA, ILL.	St. Gregory Library & Bookshop, 75 *S. Broadway*
BROOKLYN	Ave Maria Shop, 23 *Lafayette Ave.*
CHICAGO	St. Benet's Library & Bookshop, 39 *E. Congress*
COLUMBUS, O.	Cathedral Bookshop, 205 *E. Broad Street*
FLUSHING, L. I.	The Queen's Catholic Shop, 135-9 *Northern*
GREEN BAY	St. Catherine's Library & B'kshop, 110 *S. Monroe*
KANSAS CITY	Designs for Christian Living, 301 *E. Armour St.*
LOS ANGELES	St. Thomas More Library, 1829 *S. Gramercy Pl.*
NEW HAVEN	St. Thomas More Gift Shop, 1102 *Chapel St.*
SACRAMENTO	St. Thomas Aquinas Library, 1115 *Kay St.*
BURLINGAME	Ave Maria Shop, 1221 *Donnelly Avenue*
SEATTLE	Guild Bookshop, Inc., 1328 *Sixth Avenue*
SPRINGFIELD	(Ill.) Templegate, 212 *South Seventh Street*
TULSA	Tulsa Bookshop, 517 *S. Boston*
WASH., D. C.	St. Benedict's Bookshop, 4811 *Wisconsin Ave.*

CATHOLIC LIBRARY GUILD FOR BOOKS

TO ORDER ANY BOOK —USE THIS COUPON

CATHOLIC LIBRARY GUILD
41 Tremont St., Boston 8, Mass.
Please send me the following for which I enclose $.....

MAILED FREE IN U. S. A.

.....

Name .....

Address .....

City .....Zone .... State.....

NOTE: Send me BOOK CLUB LITERATURE☐

ever work he was about, he would say it, and the "pray without ceasing" of the Apostle Paul, seems to lead directly to both these practices, and both are very close to Brother Lawrence, and his practice of the presence of God.

This treasury of Professor Fedotov's is a gold mine indeed, and the liberal size of the extracts, and the admirable introductions before each, together with the illustrations, make this book a landmark in the history of spiritual literature. It is a necessary book for anyone seriously interested in techniques of prayer, as well as for anyone conscious of the richness of the Christian heritage, and wishful to explore it and to feast. ANNE FREMANTLE.

Edwin Arlington Robinson. Emery Neff. Sloane. $3.50.

THOSE who knew Edwin Arlington Robinson personally—and this writer was among the fortunate ones—could not have helped being impressed with a personality which above all conveyed a sense of moral and esthetic integrity, of a tragic temper singularly out of keeping with the clamorous easy-goingness of his time and contemporaries. He belonged to the small band of silent men, men who are shy and find it difficult to speak, but who contain within themselves vast reserves of tenderness and love of beauty, which find adequate expression only in their work. This writer remembers having taken a trip with Robinson to Cambridge, England, where, among other places, we visited King's College Chapel, that perhaps most beautiful and impressive single room in the world, so large in size, so marvelous in its proportions, so exquisite in its detail, one of the great glories of devotional architecture. An American dough-boy, who visited the chapel, is reported to have said as he left it, "Some God-box!" But Robinson was so overcome, that he said nothing; indeed, for an interminable time, as we wended our way to an eating-place, he did not speak. Doubtless, the mood engendered and stored up sooner or later found its way into his poetry. He was a man who conserved his feelings, but his silences were palpably eloquent.

Hence, it is fitting that Emery Neff, the author of the present critical biography, should approach his subject with a measure of reverence, and not a little ardor. Whether or not, as Mr. Neff claims, Robinson wrote "the most impressive poem in American letters: a poem that will bear comparison with the great English odes" may be disputed; no one will dispute that, with Robert Frost, he shared the distinction of the foremost place among American poets in the first half of this century. His poetical gift ran to traditional forms. As the author puts it: "In a time of unbridled, sometimes fantastic, experimentation, as Frost observes, 'stayed content with the old-fashioned way to be new.'" Heroic Robinson surely was in his steadfast devotion to poetry during the many long years of neglect. The critics accepted him at forty-seven, the general public at fifty-eight. He kept going against this neglect, against starvation itself, without complaining. He had no private income.

It is to the credit of President Theodore Roosevelt that he discerned Robinson's gifts early and, on reading "The Children of the Night," promptly wrote him a warm letter of admiration, expressing a desire to see him. Yet at the time this book had been resigned to oblivion for seven years. Moreover, as the President learned the facts of Robinson's circumstances, he began putting the ques-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion, where it would do the most good, "What shall we do with Robinson?" It was productive; the *Century Magazine* opened its pages, though the editor, Richard Watson Gilder, had to overcome his distaste for Robinson's verse. Roosevelt went further; he offered Robinson a government job. The poet was installed in the Custom House in Wall Street at a salary of two thousand dollars a year, riches to him. He also secured the republication of his poems with a reputable firm.

Such things are worth mentioning in an age when a President's tasks, even if he were inclined to like poetry, are too vast for him to devote a little time to a neglected poet. Mr. Neff, in the way of biographers, tells us all about his subject's forebears, about his education, about his private affairs, within reasonable limits. He combines biography with criticism; we are provided with extensive analyses of the poet's individual works. Perhaps Mr. Neff is a little excessive in his enthusiasm, but on the whole his is a job well done. JOHN COURNOS.

Catalina. W. Somerset Maugham. Doubleday. $3.

LATELY, it appears, the writing trade has got religion. And among the members most severely infected is Mr. W. Somerset Maugham.

Having disposed of some soul-searchings with an Asiatic background in "The Razor's Edge," he now turns to the Spanish Inquisition and brings forth one of the most amazing of all novels of religion. It requires about five pages of this fairy tale to realize that this is the story of faith beyond which none shall go. At the finish about seven miracles have taken place, and the author has extended a little on his unwritten thesis—what God means to me.

Catalina, a beautiful cripple, is visited by the Blessed Mother who tells her that "the son of Juan Suarez who has best served God" has the power to bring about her cure. Blasco, a famous bishop, Manuel, a famous soldier, and Martin, a not-at-all famous baker, are the three sons. I suppose that no key is needed to decipher the possibilities and the inevitabilities of this kind of situation. Following the cure of Catalina there is an effort to exploit her by a wicked Carmelite ("mitigated rule") prioress, but, as Mr. Maugham explains to all unrealistic people of religion, within the book and without, Catalina did not wish to become a stuffy old saint, so she got married and became an actress. Somewhere along the way a hitherto unguessed quality of the Deity, one unsoiled by exegetical turns, is proposed to the bishop by Domingo, Catalina's uncle (one of those innocent queers presented with belligerent benevolence by writers), when he suggests that God has a "sense of humor."

In addition to the disjunctures of plot and the preposterous analyses of character, there are some unusual verbal contributions. Despite his many books Mr. Maugham is still able to produce things like these: "a look of cold disdain," "crowns blazed with jewels, precious and semi-precious," "very peremptorily," "You have come in the nick of time," and "My lord, for God's sake explain. I am all confused. I am like a mariner in a storm when his bark is dismasted and he has lost his rudder."

Finally, Mr. Maugham is about as comfortable describing religious scenes and using religious terms as—well, as Mrs. Roosevelt would be playing polo. Perhaps the most interesting part of the book is the photograph of Mr. Maugham on the back cover. It's possible that the picture reveals more of a personality and a point of view than any of the poorly written trivialities which precede it throughout 275 pages. GEORGE MILES.

Books of Meaning

POETIC ART

By Paul Claudel

For those to whom the idea of French thought evokes the spirit of Cartesian rationalism, *Poetic Art* will reveal the equally important mystical and dreamy aspect of French speculation of which Claudel is an original protagonist. $2.75

EMPEROR FREDERICK II

By David G. Einstein

For centuries the name of Emperor Frederick II—the last of the Holy Roman Emperors—has lain under a mantle of hate and calumny. This is a keen and sympathetic study of the man and his life. $3.75

SAINT ELIZABETH

By Anne Seesholtz

The pageantry of kings and bishops, minnesingers and pilgrim, Teutonic Knights, townfolk and peasants, the wealthy families and suffering poor, as well as the social conflicts of her Time, form the rich background for this portrait of an amazing Christian saint. $2.75

SAINT MARGARET OF CORTONA

By Francois Mauriac

"I have never praised Mauriac before, but now I must say that here he is at his best. We have here a noble piece of work . . . may start a new method of hagiography which will give us saints that are alive."—*J. M. Lelan, Ph.D., Books on Trial* $3.00

ART AND FAITH

Exchange of Letters Between Jacques Maritain and Jean Cocteau

"A fascinating illumination of the intellectual and spiritual association of two of France's great modern writers and thinkers."—*America.* $2.75

At Your Bookstore or Use Coupon

PHILOSOPHICAL LIBRARY, Publishers
15 E. 40 ST., DEPT. 18, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

Please send me....copies of(write in margin) at $..... per copy. Enclosed are $.....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

(Expedite shipment by enclosing remittance.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FATHER CONWAY'S BOOKS

STUDIES IN CHURCH HISTORY.....75c

THE VIRGIN BIRTH 50c

THE INQUISITION (Vacandard) 50c

THE QUESTION BOX (English)
Cloth, $1.60; Paper, 85c Postpaid

THE QUESTION BOX (Flemish)—
Van de Duisternis Naar Het Licht.....$1.60

THE QUESTION BOX (French)—La Boite Aux Questions
Cloth, $1.60; Paper, 85c Postpaid

THE QUESTION BOX (German)—Der Frage Kasten
Cloth, $1.60; Paper, 85c Postpaid

THE QUESTION BOX (Portuguese)—Caixa de Preguntas
Paper, $1.60

THE QUESTION BOX (Slovak)—Otazvik Katolicke Odpovede
Cloth, $1.60

THE QUESTION BOX (Spanish)—Buzon de Preguntas
Paper, $1.60

THE CATHOLIC WORLD—Paulist Monthly....$4.00 a year

BERTRAND L. CONWAY C.S.P.
415 West 59th Street New York 19, N. Y.

For your convenience— clip and take or mail to your bookseller. Beacon Press — 47 Years of Books That Count.

Beacon Bookshopper

[ ] JOSHUA LOTH LIEBMAN
Editor and co-author
Psychiatry and Religion
From the Preface and Chapter III by Dr. Liebman: "This volume on religion and psychiatry is concerned with the attainment of a new maturity by the men and women of our age. . . . An era such as ours needs a creative partnership between religion and psychiatry, the sanctuary and the laboratory." Contributors include the Rt. Rev. Eric F. MacKenzie, Rev. Otis F. Kelly, Albert Deutsch, and 12 others. $3.00.

[ ] PITIRIM A. SOROKIN
The Reconstruction of Humanity
Says George N. Shuster in The Commonweal: ". . . the book is unusually able and challenging, and makes two points extremely well. The first is that every attempt by man to find formulas that will solve his problems must inevitably fail. . . . The second point is that man can emancipate himself from evil only through altruism. . . . It is the great merit of Sorokin to have expressed this awareness in terms of modern sociological investigation. . . ." $3.00.

Answer to Question 33. *Christopher Sykes. Sloane.* $3.50.

THE question before the House of Commons concerned the Government's intention in relation to an Italian woman who was disseminating anti-British propaganda over the Moscow radio. By means of a first person singular narrator, the author describes the long sequence of events and the variety of characters involved in transforming a foreign Anglophile into a bitter Anglophobe. He poses his theme as a direct question. Whose fault is it? The narrator's—he had been her lover, the petty, vain young officer—whose treachery had destroyed her illusions of British justice, or all Western civilization's? The latter premise, that a civilization which fails to contain its members is therefore condemned, has been made familiar recently by W. Somerset Maugham, Aldous Huxley, and Evelyn Waugh. But Mr. Sykes lacks Maugham's skill in narrative as he lacks Huxley's insistence upon the individual's responsibility to his society. He also has none of Waugh's heated satire which makes the least of Waugh's characters gaudy and interesting. Mr. Sykes' style is commendably clear, simple, and lacking in affectations. He has a good story to tell, but at half its length it would be better, just as with twice its intensity, either moral or historical, it would be more original.

FLORENCE CODMAN.

The Home Book of Proverbs, Maxims and Familiar Phrases. Selected and Arranged by Burton Stevenson. Macmillan. $20.00.

THIS 3,000-page reference work includes sayings which range from the Greeks and Hebrews of 800 and 700 B.C. down to the present. Whereas the considerably shorter Bartlett groups its quotations under the author, the Bible, etc., this imposing new compendium is arranged by subject straight through. And additional sayings on a subject can be found in the voluminous index. In view of the extent of this compilation it is remarkable that "for the citations from other languages than English, the compiler has depended entirely on his own research."

Southern Empire: Brazil. Bertita Harding. Coward. $3.50.

A CHATTY guidebook long on detailed bits about resorts, big cities, hotels, restaurants, health precautions and the like. No illustrations, and the included map, an undated standard model for all South America, is of limited usefulness.

CONTRIBUTORS

Rev. David Ross KING is the Diocesan Superintendent of Schools in Superior, Wisconsin.

LeGarde S. DOUGHTY, a Southern essayist and critic, has been a long-standing contributor to THE COMMONWEAL.

Henry RAGO is a poet and critic teaching in the Department of Humanities at the University of Chicago.

John COURNOS is a critic and anthologist who has recently helped to edit the O'Brien collection of short stories.

George MILES is a critic living in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Florence CODMAN is a New York critic.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Educational Directory

PREP SCHOOLS—BOYS—NEW JERSEY

DELBARTON SCHOOL

Morristown, New Jersey. An hour's drive from the George Washington Bridge or Holland Tunnel. A country day and boarding school for boys conducted by Benedictine Monks. Six forms, comprising the 7th and 8th grades and four years of college preparatory courses. Small classes. Thorough guidance department. Complete athletic program. Write for prospectus to the Headmaster.

RHODE ISLAND

PORTSMOUTH PRIORY SCHOOL

Portsmouth, Rhode Island. 23 miles from Providence, 8 miles from Newport, on inland waters of Narragansett Bay. Conducted by American Monks of the English Benedictine Congregation, assisted by Lay Masters. Five forms, 8th grade and four years of high school. Standard Preparatory Course for all colleges and technical schools. Added opportunities in Mathematics and Languages. College Board Examination. Full facilities for athletics including sailing. Address Secretary.

Classified

★ Rate for your message, 10c a word. 75c a line for displayed copy. Discounts: 5% for 3 times, 10% for 7 times, 15% for 13 times.

BOOKS

★ Books: Used, Old, Rare.
For Librarians, Collectors, Readers.
Huge Stock. Reasonably Priced.
Catalogs Free. Browsers Invited.
Want Lists Solicited. Libraries Purchased.
DAUBER & PINE BOOKSHOPS, INC.
66 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.

HOTEL

★ COPLEY PLAZA HOTEL
Maurice T. Lawler, *General Manager*
Boston 16, Mass.
2 minutes from Back Bay R. R. Station

IRISH BOOKS AND GIFTS

★ Books, Linens, Gifts. *Catalogs.*
IRISH INDUSTRIES DEPOT, Inc.
876 Lexington Ave. (near 65th), New York

COLLEGES—WOMEN—NEW YORK

COLLEGE OF MT. ST. VINCENT

Mount St. Vincent-on-Hudson, New York 63, N. Y. Conducted by the Sisters of Charity. Offers A.B. and B.S. Degrees, Liberal Arts, Nursing, Commerce Education, Pedagogy. Accredited by the Association of American Universities. Campus bordering Hudson River. One-half hour from Grand Central, New York City. Write for Bulletin L.

PENNSYLVANIA

ROSEMONT COLLEGE

Rosemont, Pa. A Catholic College for Women conducted by the Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. Accredited by the Association of American Universities. Situated on the Main Line of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Eleven miles from Philadelphia. Address the Registrar for information. Telephone Bryn Mawr 4514.

COLLEGE MISERICORDIA

Dallas, Pennsylvania. A Residential and Day College for Higher Education of Women, conducted by the Sisters of Mercy of the Union—incorporated under the laws of the State of Pennsylvania, empowered to confer Degrees — A.B., B.S. in Science, B.S. in General Home Economics, B. Mus., B.S. in Secretarial Science, and Teacher-Training. Fully accredited. Address the Dean or Registrar.

MARYLAND

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME OF MARYLAND

North Charles St., Baltimore, Maryland. An Accredited Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women. Conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame. Exceptional Advantages. For information address the Registrar.

Next Week

THE FUTURE OF GERMANY, by Waldemar Gurian, discusses in authoritative fashion the key to peace and stability in Western Europe. It begins with the changes in American occupation policies since V-E Day, analyzes present American policy and forecasts the German political and economic set-up if war does not break out.

OF SOIL AND MEN, by Emerson Hynes. Until the nineteen-thirties American agrarian literature "was predominantly the story of the rugged pioneer. . . . Only in the last fifteen years did realism come into rural literature. . . . Rural literature is enjoying a new phase. It has come literally down to earth. . . ." Mr. Hynes indicates how and why.

Also reviews of interesting current books by Mason Wade, Anne Fremantle, John Cournos, Virginia Bennett, David Burnham, Elizabeth Johnson, Florence Codman and others.

--12 Weeks for $1---

FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS

THE COMMONWEAL,
386 Fourth Ave.,
New York 16, N. Y.

For the enclosed $1 send me
the next 12 issues of
THE COMMONWEAL

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

10/29/48

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE COMMUNISTS KNOW THEIR ENEMIES

"You can prevent Communism by more and better Democracy"

President HARRY S. TRUMAN

ITALY was the battleground in the first great showdown between Godless Communism and Western Democracy, between the Marxist Menace and the Truman Doctrine.

Everybody knows the result. Last Spring, 94 percent of the Italian electorate went to the polls. They delivered a smashing defeat to the Communists—their first significant defeat anywhere in the world since the war.

The Communist leaders themselves blamed that defeat on President Truman — on the Truman Doctrine and the Marshall Plan. They know their enemies.

That Italian election was the great Waterloo of world Communism. Since then, the Marshall Plan has been consolidated all over Western Europe. The Red tide has been stopped and turned back. Bolstered by the example of Italy, the forces of Democracy and freedom everywhere have taken new heart. Those who believe in God and the dignity of man are again on the march, with new courage and confidence.

None of this has been accidental. It resulted from a bold but careful plan.

Rome is the seat and center of the world's greatest spiritual bulwark against Communism—the Catholic Church. There, to gather and exchange information and advice, President Truman kept his special ambassador, Myron Taylor. That relationship has been invaluable.

At the critical moment, President Truman proclaimed to the world that America would provide whatever aid it required to enable free men to remain free, to resist communist aggression. Greece and Turkey were the tactical outposts.

But Italy was the great strategic fulcrum. There the Communists concentrated their greatest force. There, President Truman mobilized every means available to aid the Italian friends of freedom.

Democracy's smashing victory there was the classic proof of President Truman's firm conviction that the way to prevent Communism is:

"MORE AND BETTER DEMOCRACY"

That is the Democratic Way—in the United States of America and throughout the world.

Complete the Democratic Victory Over Communism

VOTE FOR

HARRY S. TRUMAN ★ ALBEN W. BARKLEY

AND THE DEMOCRATIC TICKET

★ Statement by J. HOWARD McGRATH, Chairman of the Democratic National Committee ★

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED